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WATCH OUR "WEEK'S DOINGS!"

THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE

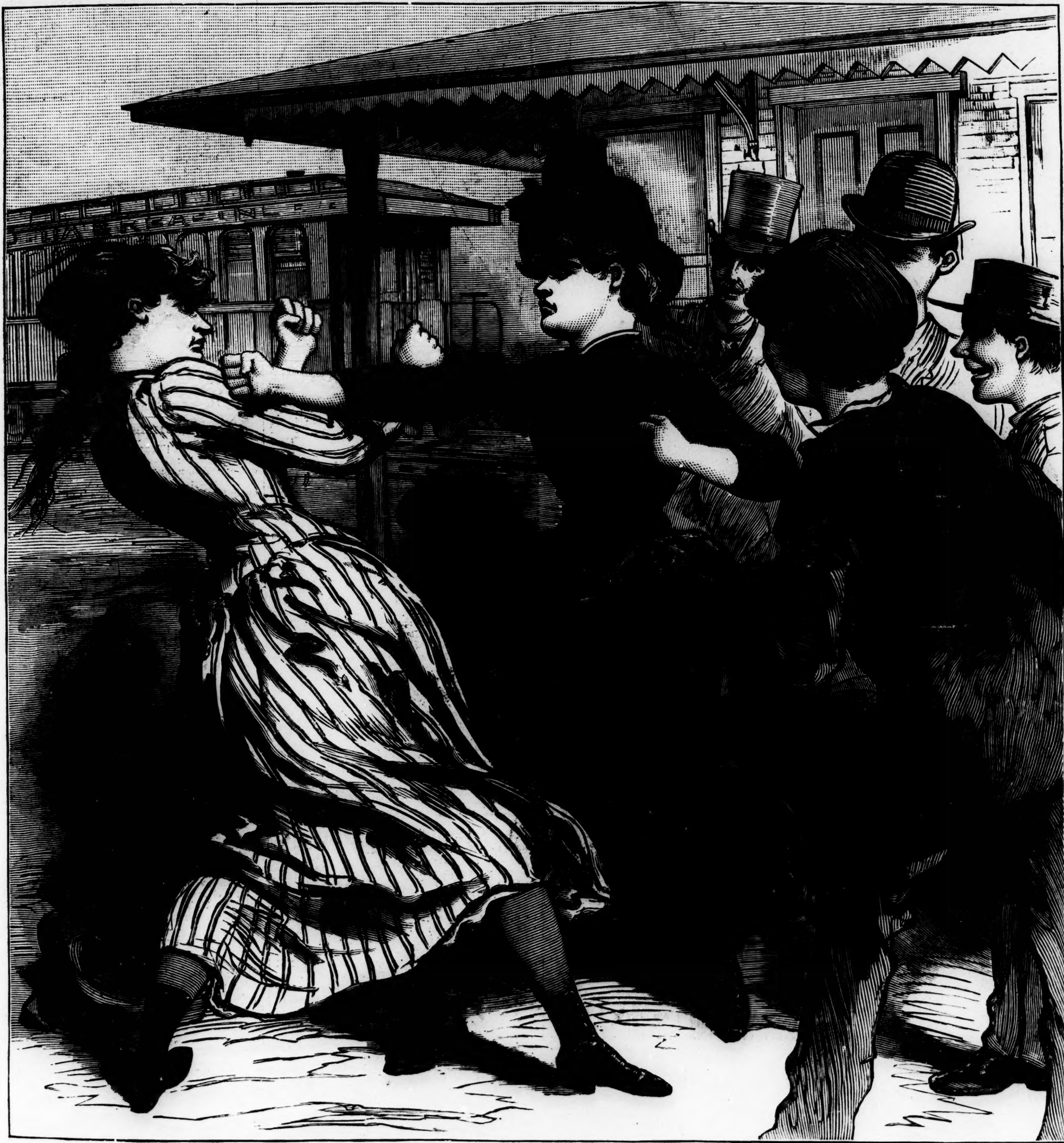
THE LEADING ILLUSTRATED SPORTING JOURNAL IN AMERICA

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RICHARD K. FOX,
Editor and Proprietor.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 5, 1889.

VOLUME LV.—No. 630.
Price Ten Cents.



PUGILISTIC FEMALES.

TWO LEBANON, PA., GIRLS LOVE THE SAME YOUNG MAN AND BIFF EACH OTHER ON THE STREET.



RICHARD K. FOX, Editor and Proprietor.

POLICE GAZETTE PUBLISHING HOUSE,
Franklin Square, N. Y.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING
SATURDAY, OCTOBER 5, 1889.

SUBSCRIPTIONS.

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Purchase of
RICHARD K. FOX,
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FRANKLIN SQUARE, NEW YORK CITY.

The girls of our great and glorious country carried things with a high hand last week. All over the country they carried on in a manner which conclusively proved that either the cyclone affected them or that their lives were out of order. For further particulars see the screed written by "Tommy Rats," and then lift up your eyes and hands in holy horror and ejaculate:

"What are we coming to?"

THE baseball players of the divide have decided, so it is said, to take their affairs into their own hands and run their machines themselves. They claim that they have been mismanaged by their managers, and that in the future they propose to harvest the immense profits which are now said to glide into the pockets of the capitalists. If this movement will make cleaner baseball, which the public is entitled to, we will, one and all, run up the "Brotherhood" flag and yell ejaculations of encouragement until our eyes bulge like hand-painted butter-crackers.

THE Eva Hamilton case has terminated as was predicted by the POLICE GAZETTE, and the amorous Eva has been consigned to solitude for two years to think over her misshapen life. If the POLICE GAZETTE ever dealt in slang we might be tempted to remark that Eva is a lolla; whatever a lolla is. And yet there was every temptation thrown in the evanescent Eva's way. Robert Ray Hamilton was an easy victim and had he watched the danger signals that the POLICE GAZETTE has been flinging to the breeze for a quarter of a century in the way of caution, the facts of this now historic case need never have been recounted. Next!

In this issue of the POLICE GAZETTE we expected to be able to furnish our readers with full particulars, with illustrations, of the fistie encounter between Jack Ashton of Providence, well known in prize ring circles both in England and this country, and George Godfrey, the colored heavy-weight champion of America. If the battle had been fought we should have kept our promise, but Ashton, while carefully training under the able mentorship of Billy Madden, was attacked with a congestive chill brought on by malaria, and his backer wisely concluded to allow him to postpone the fight to some future date. The POLICE GAZETTE had gone to great expense in order to give its readers a full and accurate account, with illustrations, but Ashton having been placed *hors du combat*, all our efforts were knocked into smithereens, as we say in Paris.

It is so much of an assured fact that we are going to have the World's Fair just where it belongs, in the town of the Big Bridge, otherwise known as Police-Gazetteville, alias New York, that odds are being laid in our favor. New York has several jealous neighbors scattered in out-of-the-way places throughout the Union, but before congress convenes it is more than probable that they will have seen the error of their ways and will be sending in their returns in our favor, and will shiny on their own side. Police-Gazetteville is, beyond the peradventure of a doubt the place for the Big Fair, and we can accommodate the millions that will come to us without bulging. There is no harbor in the world more suitable for a marine display and no balliwick more beautiful. We have Coney Island, Rockaway, the Statue of Liberty, the Grand Old Hudson, the Bridge, a warm-hearted and whole-souled population, and far above all the POLICE GAZETTE. Let our erring sisterhood keep off the Grass.

MASKS AND FACES

"Hands Across the Sea"—
Raillery and Repartee.

"AN EERIE HE AND SHE."

The Gormans at Pastor's—Banker
and Machinist—Ducats and
Horseshoes.

THE COMING SEASON.

Don't take your opera glass.
Take your ear muffs with you when you go to hear Gustavus Levick, who is the hero of "Hands Across the Sea," the melodrama by Pettitt now on at the Standard.

Levick made so much noise and ranted so lustily that



there was a great rush for ear muffs after the first act. He almost ruined the play.

Percy Haswell is the heroine, and a very charming heroine she made. She was simple, unaffected and artistic, and she deserves a better engagement than in this bustling, commonplace melodrama.

The first act of "H. A. T. S." transpires in Devon, the second in Paris, the third in Australia.

It's the old story. A fellow is accused of a murder that he didn't commit, suffers, and is righted only after an awful lot of bother, improbability, speeches and tears.

There is a good prison scene, and a good scene aboard ship.

W. J. Ferguson was excellent as a gambling house tout.

John Buckstone was easy and sympathetic as a good young man in love with a good young woman.

Jos. Adelman seemed overweighted by his part of the villain.

Edna Carey, as the wife of the innocent accused, read her lines badly and didn't look the part.

J. R. Furlong, as his name half implied, went far toward being a success as a foreign count.

But the most delightful apparition in the play is Percy Haswell, and you'll hear of her again and before long.

I don't understand why managers go abroad for pieces like "Hands Across the Sea."

We ought to be able to manufacture as good and better right here.

There is a tendency in modern melodramatic playwrights to make their plays too long. If Dunn were among us to-day he could with truth repeat his famous criticism.

Billy Dunn, says Planche, was a great character.

During the many years he was treasurer of Drury Lane I don't suppose he once witnessed a performance, but regularly after the curtain had fallen on a new piece, it mattered not of what description, he would let himself through with his pass key from the front of the house, as if he had sat it out, and on being asked his opinion, invariably answered, after a long pause and a proportionate pinch of snuff, "Wants cutting."

Mrs. Potter, they tell us, is not going to act this season, but will live abroad with Kyrle Bellver. Mrs. Langtry will show how her bust has decreased in voluptuous volume and how her art has developed to our friends across the sea. Helen Danvray has retired from the stage and will watch the baseball field instead.

Mrs. Blaine is sick, and Dan Frohman has dropped her. Mrs. Carter is uncertain and Gilmore doesn't seem over enthusiastic about her. Mrs. Robert Ray Hamilton hasn't found a theatrical backer as yet.

Thus the outlook for fashionably notorious women on our boards is rather gloomy, and chances of legitimate actresses are correspondingly bright.

Speaking of amateurs reminds me of Compton, who had a wholesome dread of amateur actors, and on one occasion, when an egotistical young man buttonholed him to descend on acting, he administered an unmistakable reproof to the presumptuous one. "I am anxious to become a professional now," said the young man, "for I always get splendid notices, and all my friends think I should make a great hit." "What line?" inquired Compton. "Well," smiled the youth, "I play all the funny parts, but I don't succeed in making my audience laugh heartily. I want to make them scream, as you do—to make the house ring with laughter, in fact." "Ah," dryly responded Compton, "change your line of character a bit; try 'Hamlet,' and let me know how you succeed."

Bob Fraser is loud in his praises of "The Spider and the Fly," and Jake Rosenthal seconds the motion.

Leander Richardson, whose novel, "Lord Dunmer-

the sensation of the day, "Adventures Eva; or, the Wicked Woman," the life history of Mrs. Robert Ray Hamilton, now ready in book form, handsomely illustrated. Price, 15 cents. RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher, Franklin Square, New York.

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So get your floral horseshoes ready and be ready to welcome them. The foreigners will probably reward your hospitality and patronage by railing at you when they leave, and many of the domestics will probably bore you to death, but never mind. Out with your floral horseshoes and up with your solid cash.

They gave me a bright bit of repartee by Alfred Hudson, now ably supporting Sol Smith Russell.

When Charles Barron was leading man at the Boston Museum he was a little king among the members of the company. The only actor in the lot who dared to chaff him was Alfred Hudson, a very useful, but by no means a "utility" member, who played second parts, old men's roles and the like. Barron was forever denouncing the fate which made him an actor instead of a tradesman, or a mechanic, or a lawyer, and his remarks were usually received in silence. One evening Barron had a benefit, and he pretended to be very much out of harmony with the affair, although there was a big audience in the house.

"There, just listen to that," he exclaimed in the green room, as a round of applause followed his exit from the stage. "What a farce this profession is, to be sure. Why wasn't I brought up a green grocer or something of that sort? I couldn't be any worse off than I am in being compelled to play here to-night."

"Oh, yes, you might," retorted Hudson. "You might

be sitting in front witnessing the performance of the leading man."

I overheard this between Dumley and Dudelet at Palmer's the other night.

They were discussing "Clover" adversely.

"And they call this light opera. Why, I wonder?"

"From the costumes, I suppose."

Blake meets Blake after the summer season.

"Any luck this summer? How was business?"

"Luck? Damn the luck! Why, we played one night at a water tank down East to three old women and four paraffin lamps. And I'll be blowed if during my great scene in the first act of *Richelieu*, two of the women and two of those damned paraffin lamps didn't go out!"

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The dances, songs and ceteras are all novel. That is, they seem new to a youngster like me.

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Meantime, Shepard and Wood and Thatcher and Primrose are having a row. Shepard and Wood want to go with the Howard Athenaeum. Thatcher and Primrose want them themselves.

It's in the courts.

Lawyers ought to be less actors and actresses.

Last week I heard of a machinist at one of the favorite uptown theatres playing a sad trick on a dude who happened to be in love with the machinist's chorus girl. He had the dude come on the stage one night, and walk across a trap. The dude was so happy, he walked with a light and airy step, his cane well up. Suddenly that trap opened and swallowed him, amid the tittering of the fairies. That reminds me of a story that was told me of a banker in Paris. This banker, though well on in the sixties, fancied himself a perfect Adonis, and was always behind the scenes, hanging about, and making love to Mademoiselle Sanlier, to whom the machinist of the Opera House was paying his addresses. Determined to be revenged, and prodding by the moment when his rival, in uttering soft nonsense, had inadvertently placed his foot upon a cloud, the machinist gave a whistle, which was the signal for raising the cloud, and when the curtain was drawn up the audience were not a little edified at seeing the banker, with powdered head, and gorgeously attired in evening costume, embroidered coat and waistcoat, ascending to the clouds by the side of "Minerva," represented by the object of his devotion.

This is what may be justly called a lofty revenge.

Alan Dale, author of "Marriage Below Zero," the brilliant dramatic editor of the *Evening World*, has written an original novel, "An Eerie He and She," and launched it among friends and enemies. It is a terse, bright and entertaining story, and already it has a great run among our giddy chorus girls. Most of them look into their fellows' dictionaries to see what the devil "eerie" means and then

buy the book to see whether it's as naughty as the author's first.

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THE WEEK'S DOINGS

Hodge Podge tending to Show
that Everybody's Insane
on a Certain Point.

THAT POINT IS WOMAN.

Amorous Eva Hamilton
and Dupe Ray Ham-
ilton.

LOVE IN DECOLLETE.

Buffalo Shows Up a Giddy Kitty
and the Other Cities
Contribute.

ISN'T IT TERRIBLE?

SYRACUSE'S SENSATION.

Just about this time of year, when ice cream is going out of fashion, most young men who have laid by a few pennies to chase a rainy day into its hole, turn their attention to thoughts of love, and amaze up to the girl they desire to keep their clothes well balanced with buttons, and spring the trap on them.

That's what was the matter with Daniel Beales, of Syracuse, N. Y., miller, and the girl he cottoned to was



"GOOD BYE, MY LOVER, GOOD BYE!"

resting and piquant Carrie Williams, of near-by Phoenix. Carrie was as sweet and luscious as a Little Neck clam, and it was generally supposed by the neighbors, who generally know almost everything, that it wouldn't be such a thundering long time before Daniel and Carrie would use the same tooth-brush and snore eyelid holes in the same pillow.

Finally the day for the nuptials was announced. They were to have been married on Sept. 18, and all the guests had been invited and the clergyman engaged. Daniel waited and wriggled, and wriggled and waited, in expectation of the bang-up time he was going to have, but—

"The Carrie that he longed for never came."

Carrie had, in the meantime, been corresponding with a hazy-eyed widower named Harry Haynes, who had a whole stockful of money, and while Daniel was wriggling and waiting, and waiting and wriggling, she and Harry were over in Baldwinville getting apliced.

Derided Daniel!
Cruel Carrie!

NEW YORK CHIPS IN.

Two more men have gone half crazy over a pert and blithesome girl whose name must be concealed for obvious reasons. The Polo Grounds this city was the scene of the riot, and about twenty sports witnessed what proved to be one of the bloodiest prize fights on record. The principals were Patrick Fox, twenty-three years old, a Harlem blacksmith, and Geo. Noonan, two years younger, an east side stone cutter. The fight was to settle which should have the exclusive right to pay court to a young woman of whom both were enamored. There had been bad blood between the men for some time and they met accidentally in a Ninth avenue saloon about 4 A. M., one morning last week. A lively discussion as to who was first in the girl's affections followed, and the interference of friends only prevented a fisty settlement then and there. Both men were anxious to fight and some one suggested the Polo Grounds as an available battle ground. The party proceeded to One Hundred and Eleventh street and Fifth avenue and forced open the gate. The platform just below the grand stand was selected for the ring and the men were stripped to the waist in short order.

No one in the crowd, including the fighters, had the slightest knowledge of ring fighting, but for form's sake George McDonald was selected as referee. The names of the seconds were not made known, and, as there didn't happen to be a watch in the crowd, the duties of a timekeeper, who had been named, were dispensed with. It was nearly 6 o'clock when the fight began, and the preliminary hand-shake was either overlooked or purposely disregarded. The men weighed, respectively, 140 and 130 pounds, and began

pummeling each other unmercifully from the start. After ten rounds, which occupied nearly 40 minutes, both fighters were terribly punished and their friends insisted that they should stop. Fox's right cheek was pounded almost into pulp, and Noonan's upper lip was split in two. No two prize fighters ever presented a more sickening spectacle than did these untutored sluggers. The men were so exhausted from the loss of blood that they lay down in coats and other clothing furnished by the spectators. Handkerchiefs were used to cover the faces of the contestants, and accompanied by their friends each started in an opposite direction for a physician.

THE HAMILTON FIASCO.

I see that poor, modest, innocent Eva Brill-Parsons-Steele-Mann-Hamilton has been convicted and sentenced to two years in State prison just for cutting



HE WORE A WART AND A HOWL.

a bunghole in Nurse Mary Ann Donnelly, in the Atlantic City cottage a few weeks ago.

Poor thing!

From my pew it looks as if Robert Ray Hamilton must have had an exceedingly lively time of it with the two women to contend with.

They were a fine pair to draw to. Eva had a temper like a buzz saw working overtime, and it was a frigid day when Mary Ann wasn't so full that her eyelashes floated.

From the evidence adduced at the trial, it appears that just before the stabbing scene the festive Robert Ray was dancing around the room with nothing on him but a wart and a frenzied howl, Eva having torn all his clothes off. Eva was almost as nude as an immodest worm, and, later on, when the jig watered nurse attempted to get into the room, Ray is described as sitting on the bed swathed in an Atlantic City decollete liver pad, short at both ends, wondering what was going to turn up next.

Still later, when the nurse finally gained admittance and the curtain was rung up on the tragedy, Eva attempted to stay Mary Ann with a well-seasoned whisky bottle and Mary Ann retorted by indulging in a war dance on Eva's stomach. Then came the dagger scene, and after Eva had almost succeeded in undressing Ray a second time by patchworking his clothes with the aforesaid stiletto, she sheathed it in Mary Ann's private works, and the curtain was rung down amid howls for the police.

The trial was kaleidoscopic in all its various changes. There was the weeping, innocent girlie from Sciota Vale up before the Court on a charge of felonious assault. Timorous and with palpitating nostrils, like unto a frightened doe, she had no friend. There was the duped man who had spent his thousands upon her and didn't know that he was being weeded. There was the poor nurse girl with a new skylight in her anatomy, and who was constantly guarding against rattlesnake bites



THEY HAD A BLANK OF A TIME.

by taking time by the forelock and the bottle by the foretop.

Pah!

It makes me tired to tell the story.

But, taking one consideration with another, Robert Ray Hamilton had no cause to complain of ennui.

PORT WAYNE'S SENSATION.

From Port Wayne, Ind., comes another story of man's inhumanity to the party of the second part. Perhaps I can do no better than to tell it as the wires gave it to me:

"Robert Mackie's disappearance is no longer a mystery, and he is disgraced in a community in which he occupied an enviable position. For two years Mackie had been superintendent of the Jenny Electric Light Company of this city. He was an inventor of electrical devices, and was in receipt of a salary of \$12,000 a year. Mackie was betrothed to a Miss Steere of Cooperstown, N. Y., and was to have married her on

Electric Cabinet Photographs of all the leading Pugilists, Athletes, Actresses, Actors and Sporting men, only 10 cents each. RICHARD K. FOX, Franklin Square, New York.

Tuesday, Sept. 10. She is a lady of remarkable beauty and has an ample fortune.

"A week ago last Saturday Mackie filled a trunk with apparel for his approaching wedding, took a generous supply of money, and left with a through ticket for Cooperstown. He never arrived there, and his strange disappearance attracted general attention. Slowly the truth came out.

"Then it was whispered that Mrs. Frank Falker of this city was also absent from home, and that she had left the day Mackie had. One witness after another appeared, and it was bruited about that for more than a year Mackie had sustained questionable relations with the woman, that he had lavished money upon her, and that she, the honored wife of a well-known business man, had abandoned home, husband, and honor to follow this lover.

"It was shown that Mrs. Falker had sent a telegram which intercepted Mackie at Albany, and that she left home some hours after him on a pretended visit to Ohio; that she had joined him in the East, and that the two had gone to Canada together.

"On Friday two telegrams reached Fort Wayne; one from Cooperstown, stating that Mackie's trunk had arrived there; the other from Montreal, saying that the owner was in that city. A police officer started at once to the Canadian city, but failed to find the parties, as they had doubtless already sailed for Europe. Mackie has good family connections in Maryland, and has always been popular here. The companion of his flight has been known here from girlhood, and has lived a life, this liaison aside, free from any breath of scandal. The disgrace brought upon him by his wife's flight has completely prostrated Mr. Falker."

I know not how the truth may be, I tell it as 'twas told to me.

Meandering Mackie!
Fluctuant Falker!

DUBUQUE'S SCANDAL.

Right on top of a poor girl eloping with a wealthy lover comes the story of a wealthy young man absquatulating with a maiden who had nothing but her buxom form and enticing face to recommend her.

Dubuque, Iowa, is the scene of this last escapade. William M. Bradley, Jr., a son of one of the leading real estate men in town, and a member of the firm of Glasser & Bradley, is the hero, and Miss Lydia Withers is the shero.

Some time ago the firm of Glasser & Bradley opened a cigar stand in the Lorimer House, Dubuque, and Miss Withers was placed in charge. Young Bradley became enamored with her and longed to Yum Yum with her. The girl was willing and so was her mother, but both knew that Bradley's parents, who are exceedingly aristocratic, would never give their consent, so



LOVE AND CIGARS.

the elopement was planned and the wedding took place on September 17 in West Union, hard by.

Society considers itself outraged by the event, but Mr. and Mrs. Bradley are so happy that they don't care how often society outrages itself.

BUFFALO'S BOGUS BABY.

As sure as our way-back grandpa and grandma, Adam and Eve, were the authors of "Over the Garden Wall" the contraptions of Eva Hamilton in booming the bogus baby business is going to become contagious.

Buffalo sends in the first subscription.

Pretty, plump, pert and persuasive Kitty Fox, of that rendezvous of our ex-President Grover Cleveland, tried to do the same act during the week.

Kitty loved a French Count named Michael Mulroy, who, traveling incog., worked as a stone driller in town. She also had on her string an Erie county granger named Carpenter, but she loved the Count the most, although the granger was wealthy and had proposed marriage.

Kitty faked up a baby and endeavored to unload it on Count Mulroy, and just as she was about succeeding the baby got tired and had to be buried in a deep hole in the ground. Before Kitty had a chance to obtain another kid the scheme was discovered, and Kitty is out a warning pan for the anticipated cold winter.

WILKESBARRE ON DECK.

Wilkesbarre, Pa., comes to the front with another evidence of man's trickiness and woman's susceptibility, and one more young girl has, luckily, been saved from the labyrinth of eternal shame. For some time past two fakirs, Peter McCarthy and Owen Roberts, claiming Albany as their home, have been doing the coal regions. They sold cheap jewelry. While in Pittston they stopped at the Eagle Hotel. Then they became acquainted with a pretty waiter girl named Mamie Davis. The drummers showered their cheap jewelry on the girl, and got into her good graces. She consented to run away with them.

The landlord's wife didn't like the attentions they were paying the girl, and she put a watch on her. On Friday night, however, the girl escaped from the hotel by letting herself out of a third-story window, using sheets and blankets for a rope. When she had nearly reached terra firma she dropped into the arms of one of the peddlers, who were waiting with a carriage.

The girl was placed in the vehicle, and the party drove off rapidly. The dog, Rover, gave the alarm. The hostler was aroused, and soon the whole house. Hitching up a horse, the hostler and others carried out Landlady Ferrell's instructions, and pursued the runaways. He overtook them at Parsons, three miles away.

The fakirs became alarmed lest they might suffer violence at the hands of the pursuing party, and they hastily left the carriage. The last seen of them they

were making their way across the fields. The girl was brought back to the hotel.

BIRMINGHAM'S QUOTA.

From Birmingham, Ala., comes some news that proves the triteness of the adage, "Old fools are the worst fools."

Barnhill, who was the most prominent and oldest res-



DIED ON HIS WEDDING NIGHT.

ident of Clay county, Ala., aged 70, but apparently in vigorous health, went to Ashland, the county seat, and procured a license Thursday to marry Mrs. Clayton, a buxom widow of sixty-nine. The ceremony was to take place next day at 7 A. M. Old man Barnhill arose and dressed for the wedding, but while alighting from his buggy at the church door was taken suddenly sick and in less than twenty minutes was a corpse. The aged bride elect fainted in the church and had to be taken home in a carriage.

And yet people pretend—only pretend, mind you—to wonder that young folks get nervous when they are left alone together.

PORT JERVIS'S ANTE.

As usual, there was a woman in the case. Ella Martin is the woman and the case was that of Martin Quick, who was quick enough to skip with the funds of the Monticello and Port Jervis (N. Y.) Railroad, after having carefully arranged a train of circumstances tending to convince the public that he had been accidentally drowned in Pleasant Lake. Quick was the station agent at Monticello of the Port Jervis and Monticello Railroad, and also of the National Express Company. His parents are very respectable persons living here, and he has a family consisting of a wife and two children.

On examination of Quick's accounts after his disappearance he was found to be a defaulter in cash collected for the two companies to the amount of \$700 or more. It was learned, also, that he had been notably attentive to Ella Martin, a servant in the employ of Harvey Holmes of Monticello. The girl was watched. A few days ago she got a letter postmarked Ottawa, Canada. After some hasty preparations she stealthily fled from home, but she was overtaken by her friends. She confessed that the letter referred to came from Quick, and that it contained \$30 with which to pay her fare to join him in Canada. The girl had borne a good reputation, until scandal was provoked by her intimacy with Quick. Miss Martin has since returned home to her friends.

BROOKLYN TO THE FRONT.

It is really and truly wonderful to what lengths a man will go for the woman he thinks he loves, or vice versa, for that matter. Brooklyn, N. Y., girls are notably luscious and pickable, and yet Harry Loeffler meandered into the gloaming with his divorced aunt last week.

Young Loeffler was a well known Brooklyn dude who was just sprouting pin feathers on his top lip, and was in business with his father, who is a wealthy builder and real estate man at No. 780 Myrtle avenue. Harry had been sent West to blow up with the country because of his predisposition for his aunt, and finally aunt left, too. At last accounts the loving pair were



HE SCOOPED THE AUNT.

hurrying toward the Pacific Ocean and Old Man Loeffler, loaded for blood, was shortening the distance between himself and the mismated couple.

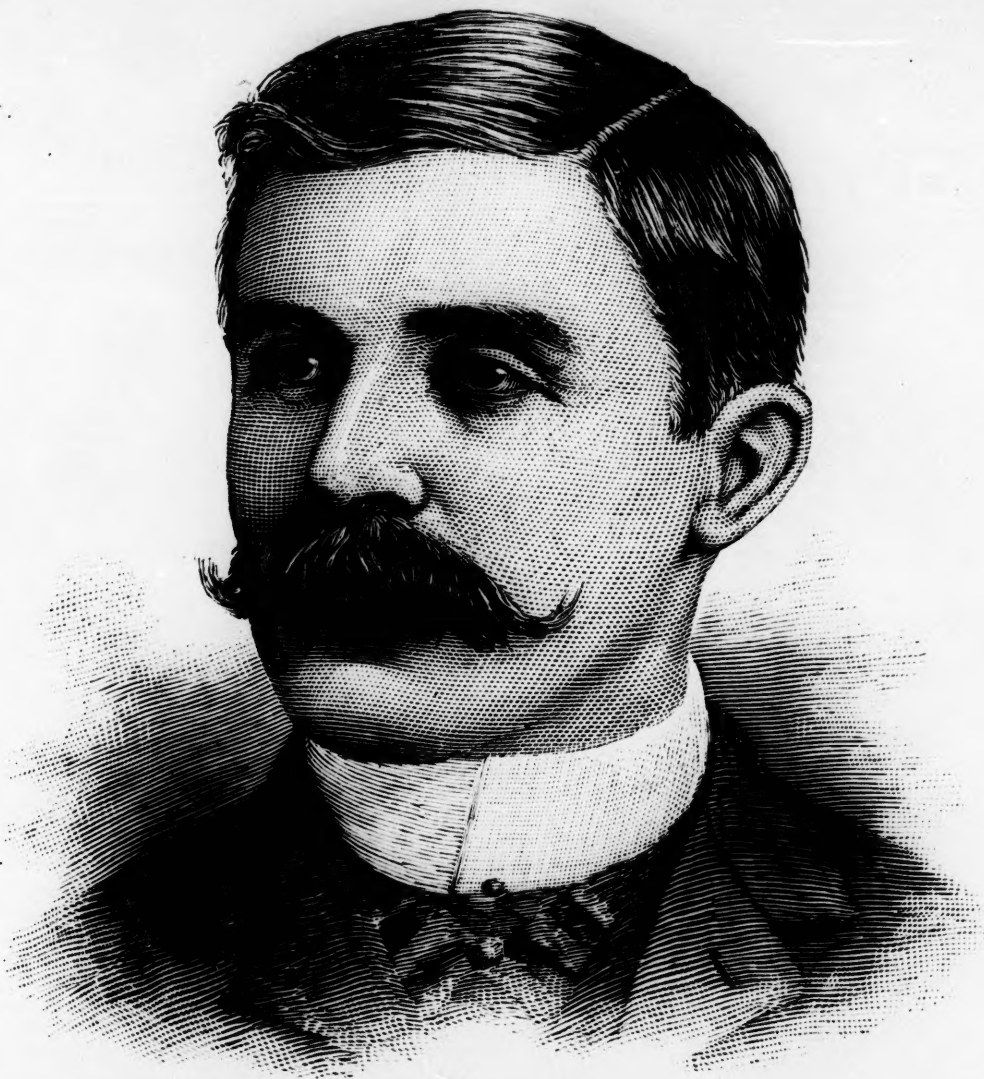
Pretty good record for a week, isn't it?

THE MILLENNIUM.

Isn't it a shame that the girls can't leave the fellows alone, and that the fellows can't keep their hands off the girls? I presume that that time won't come until the millennium, when the lion and the lamb will lie down together. When that time does come kindly bill me for the part of the lion, as I am awfully fond of lamb—with green peas trimmings.

TOMMY RATS.

We desire to call your attention to our great offer on page 14 of Sullivan's and Kilrain's colors. Every saloon keeper and barber in the country can secure these colors by a little exertion. RICHARD K. FOX, Franklin Square, N. Y.



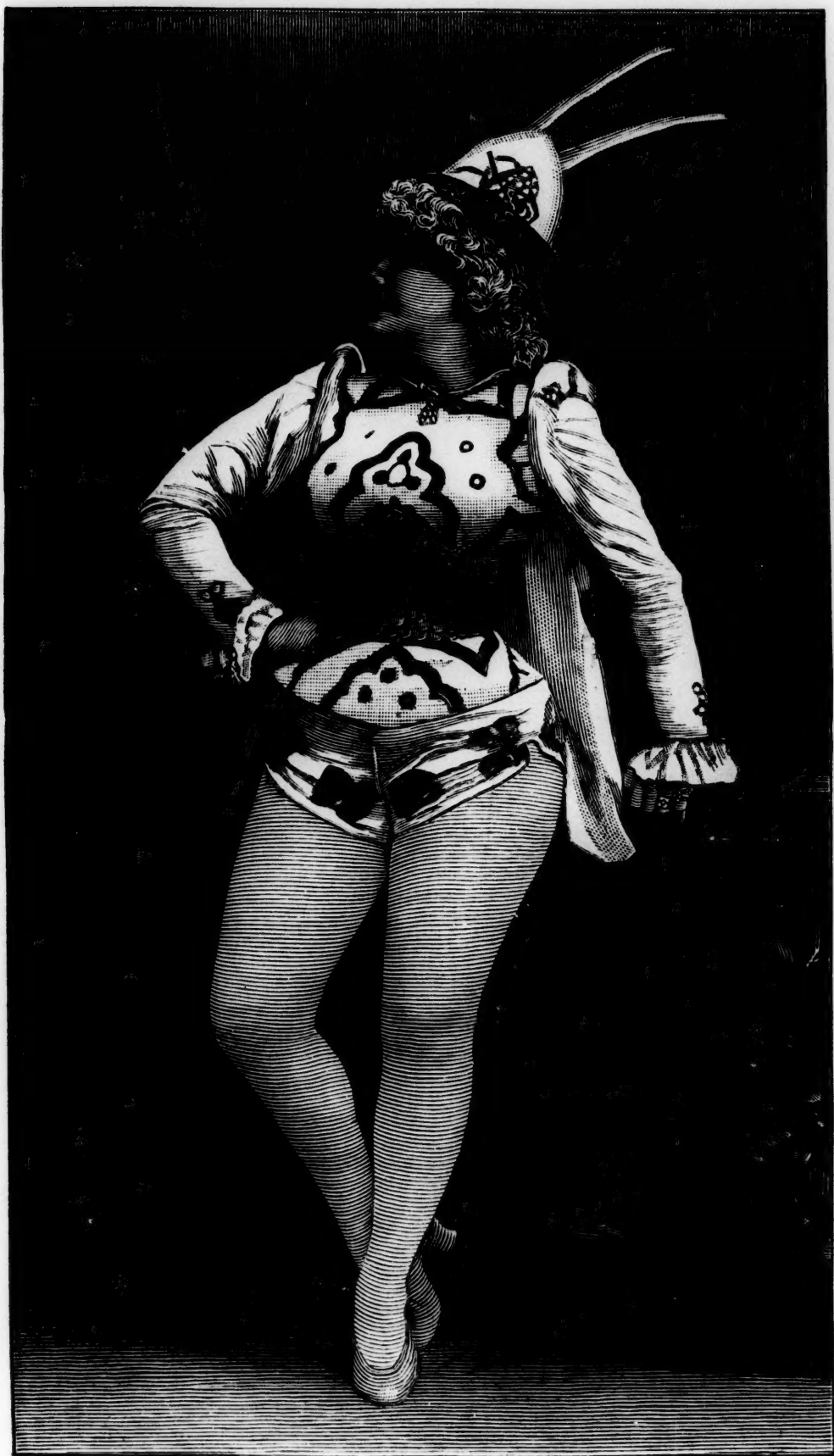
A LONDON MANAGER.

GEORGE F. BELMONT, THE POPULAR AND GENIAL PROPRIETOR OF THE FAMED
SEBRIGHT MUSIC HALL.



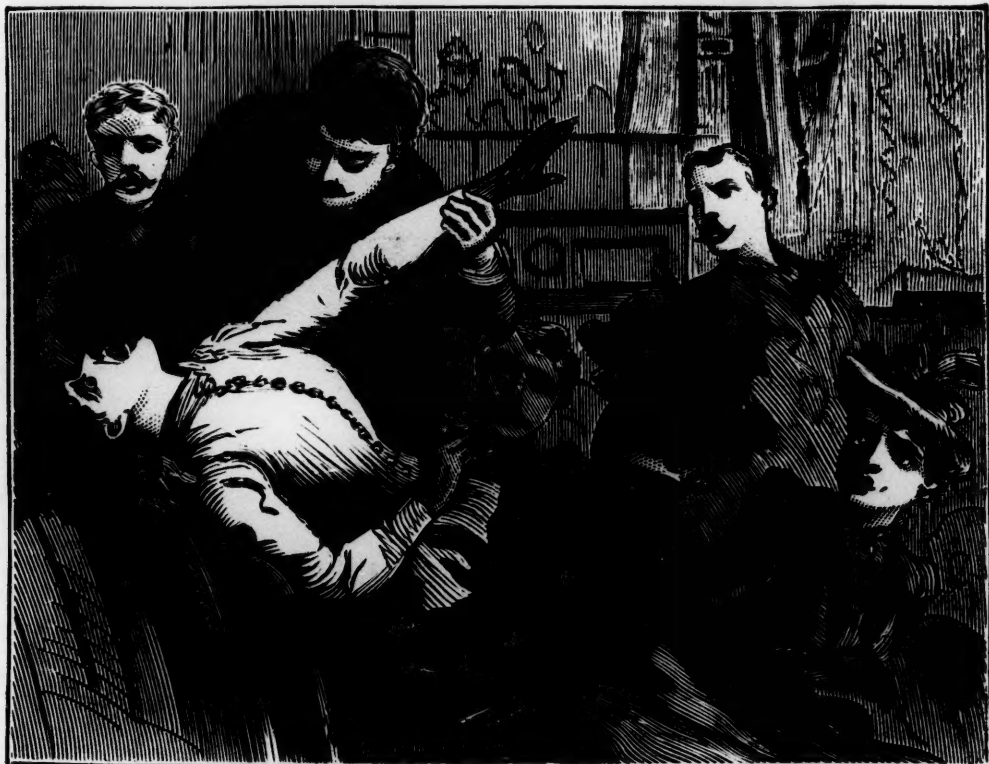
GUSHING ANNIE MYERS.

ONE OF THE PRETTY GIRLS WHO ATTRACTS AUDIENCES AND APPLAUSE FOR
GALLANT COL. MCCAULL.



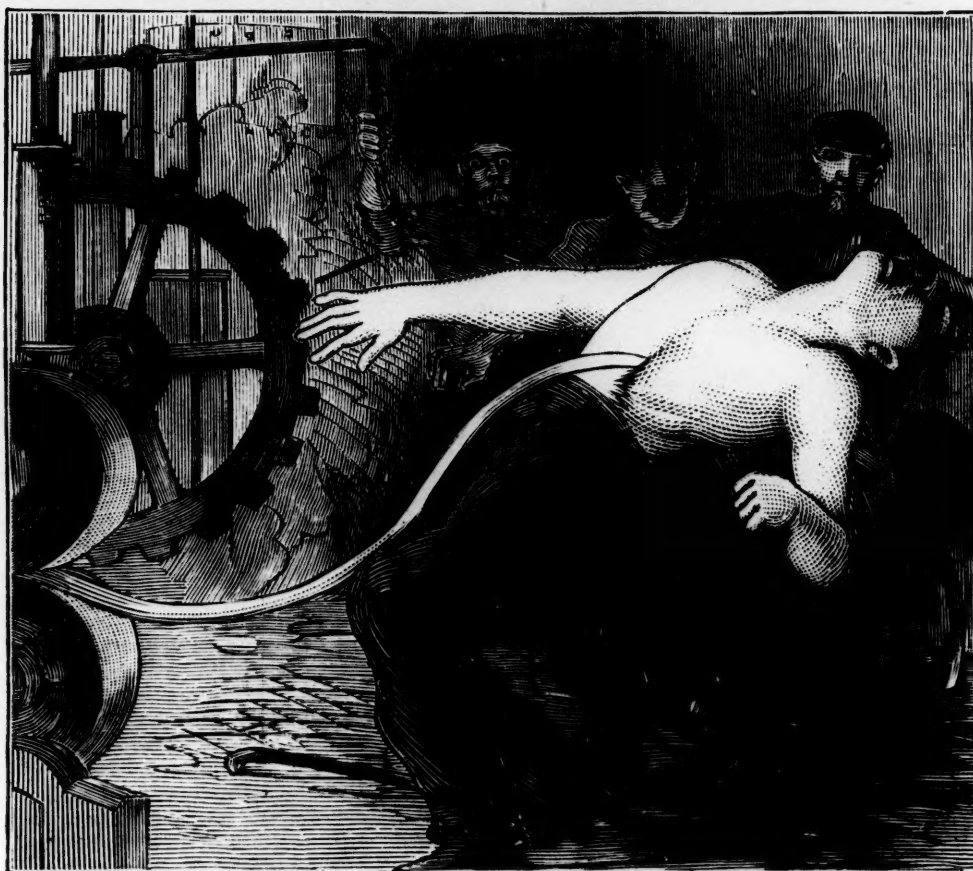
*SYLPHLIKE SYLVIA GERRISH,

A CHOICE BIT OF BEAUTY WHO HAS BEEN BOOMING MANAGER ARONSON'S BUSI-
NESS AT THE CASINO.



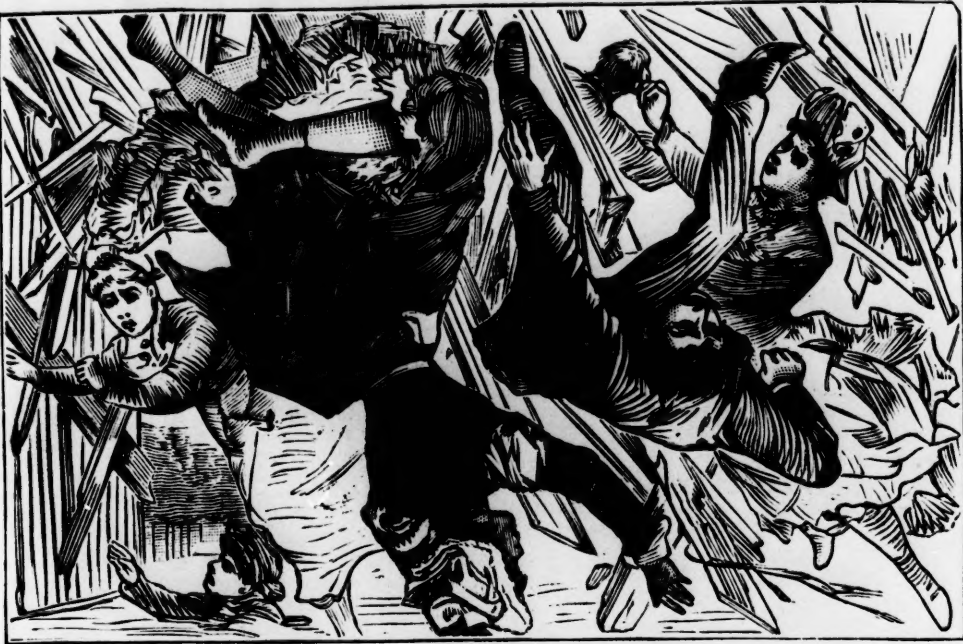
SHE SWALLOWED HER TEETH.

MRS. DUNSFORD, OF READING, PA., MEETS WITH A MISHAP IN A THEATRE.



PIERCED BY A BAR OF IRON.

THE STRANGE AND HORRIBLE DEATH OF JAMES DERRELL, AN EMPLOYEE OF
THE FINDLAY, OHIO, IRON WORKS.



THEY WERE ALL BAPTIZED.

WHILE WATCHING RELIGIOUS CEREMONIES IN AKRON, O., A BRIDGE GIVES WAY AND DUMPS THE SPECTATORS INTO THE CANAL.



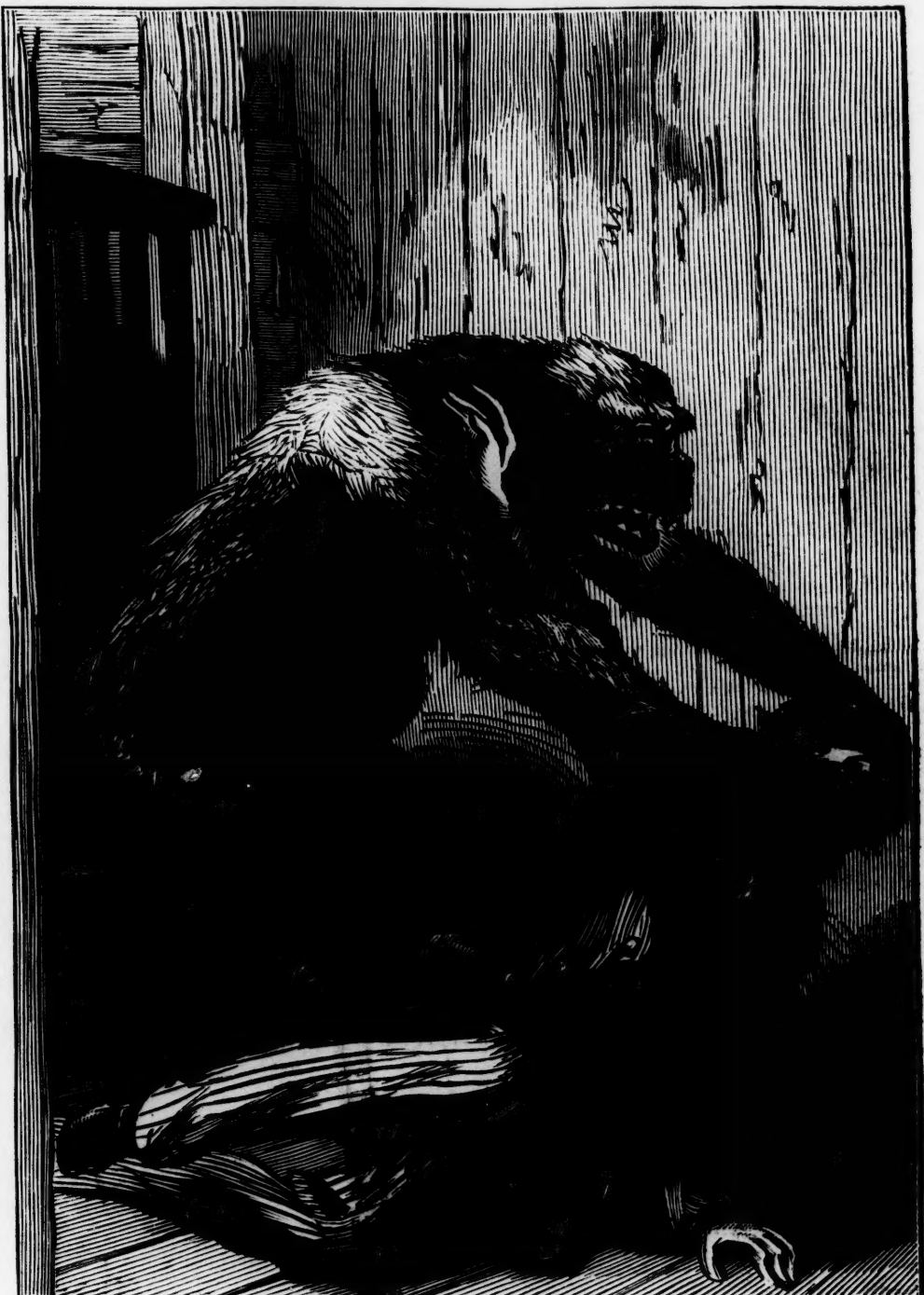
KILLED BY A COW.

MRS. L. D. BOUSLOG, OF MIDDLETOWN, IND., WHILE MILKING, HAS HER NECK BROKEN BY A FRACTIOUS BEAST.



IN A BAWDY HOUSE.

THERE'S WHERE A ROCK ISLAND, ILLINOIS, SOCIETY LEADER FOUND HER HUSBAND AND SHOT HIM DEAD.



MONKEYED WITH A GORILLA.

ISAIAH BLADE OF AKRON, O., THOUGHT HE WOULD LIKE TO SEE A GORILLA, AND HE SAW IT.



WILLIE'S LITTLE GUN.

HE KNEW IT WAS LOADED AND SO DID HIS COMPANIONS AFTER THEY HAD TRIED TO FRIGHTEN HIM.



A VERY FUNNY LOUSE.

A CHICAGO CITIZEN OF THAT NAME FORGIVES HIS WIFE AND HER PARAMOUR EVEN WHILE THE LATTER HAS LOUSE'S CLOTHES ON.

IN THE CATSKILLS.

A Jaunt on the Night and Day Boat.

GIRLS WHO PREVARIGATE.

A Steamboat Coming Down the Hudson on Lies.

THE POLICE GAZETTE FIEND'S HOWL.

The whims of women, the giddiness of girls and the bewitching buds of beauty for many years, and have indelibly imprinted upon the tablets of my alleged brain some of them.

Here goes the chapter:
I have been a close student of the eccentricities of the bewitching buds of beauty for many years, and have indelibly imprinted upon the tablets of my alleged brain some of them.

When a kittenish girl makes up her mind to lasso a fellow, that fellow might as well throw up his hands and come right into camp without a kick or a struggle.



THE AVERAGE CATSKILL GIRL.

or he is liable to be jerked in with a vehemence that will make his back hair stand on end like the what-you-call-em on the fretful you know.

The Summer girl offers up the best field for the observation of the anatomist, and oh, how the Summer girl does get there!

If a hasn't money enough to send her to the Catskills or to Newport for the Summer, she goes there, all the same—in her mind. There is more lie in a nifty Summer girl than there is in a soft soap barrel, and an ice cream foundry has to take a rear pew for coolness.

A few weeks ago I had occasion to go to Albany on the night boat. It was thronged with passengers going to the Catskills. Most of them were families who had been sitting in their back yards all Summer tanning themselves up, in order to produce the orthodox Summer shade.

The girls of the party made more fuss than if they



LYING FOR KEEPS.

were starting for Europe, and they talked out real loud and let everybody on board know that they had been at Newport all summer, and were going to take a back at the Catskills for the rest of the season, don't you know?

That was on Friday night. On Monday I returned by the day boat, and, jumping jewittaker! there were those self-same girls on the dock at Catskill. They had Alpenstocks, large hats covered with ferns, and a mountain air about them, and they were tanned more than a little boy who had snuck off and gone in swimming on Sunday.

Then they came up on deck and lied until they gave me a pain.

They told each other, so that everybody else could hear, what a delightfully delightful time they had had in the mountains all summer. How, in early July, the horse had run away and nearly thrown them over a precipice; how they didn't like Count Headfield because he didn't speak French, how many offers of marriage they had declined from Markis de Lush, Duke of Guff and Prince de Mush, and how they were glad to get back to dear old home, so now there.

One girl had tanned her nose too much, and when it

got warm it leaked over her mouth and bronzed her lips beautifully, though not becomingly.

Another had a brand of tan that was evidently a mixture of shoe polish and rouge, and when they commingled with perspiration and soft coal cinders she could have grabbed the front row in a dime museum as a tattooed freak.

They had been up in the mountains exactly two days by the clock, and they owned the boat and half way across the river, and made their sisters, who had only been in the country over night, envious.

And then their Alpenstocks! These were beclustered with ribbons and wild flowers and had notches in denoting the number of mountains they had "climbed," as one of them put it. There were more notches in the alpenstocks than there are on the map of the United



BEEN THERE TWO MONTHS (?)

States, with Switzerland, and Italy, and Cohoes chucked in for good measure.

And then the Goldstein girls. The Goldstein girls are away up in X in society and are very fond of balls and parties, especially the former. What makes them so fond of the former is that their father always keeps three of them hung out in front of his place of business on Chatham street, which is immediately under their parlor. They say that their pa is at the head of a mercantile house, but we all know him as "Our Uncle." Goldstein and the girls went up with us on the Friday night boat, and when they came back with us on Monday they had been away two whole months, yah!

What times they had had, to be sure. They had evidently struck a brass mine while they had been let loose from business, for they had more rings on them than Saturn, and they must have slaughtered a glass-pot in man up in the mountains, for their diamonds glinted and glistened in the sunshine until they dazzled one's eyes.

Holy smoke! how they did lie and own the boat. There was Papa and Mamma Goldstein, the two daughters Goldstein, eight little Goldsteins and two poor relations, who were dressed as maids for the occasion. Papa Goldstein was a little lame, and I understood afterward that he caught it while endeavoring to



THE GOLDSTEIN FAMILY.

own the Catskill Mountain. They talked about their long sojourn in the "Castle" Mountains, as if they associated them with a certain kind of soap, with which, by the way, they evidently had no other acquaintance, and how they had to sleep with eight blankets over them to keep warm. Perhaps that was true, for their luggage looked fatter than it did when they went up.

They all wanted choice seats and got them—to get for the other passengers were onto 'em with both feet, and then at dinner time papa went down with the girls. All hands wanted to go, of course, but Goldstein was no chump, and he suggested out loud that mamma go down with the children afterward. He took the girls down, and they cornered a meal out of a satchel in the toilet room, and then mamma went out with the children, and when they came back the grip resembled a banana's overcoat without any intestines, and the "maids" had to go broke on hash, as old man Gold-



THEY GO TO DINNER.

stein remarked that the dining room "was all glose up already."

I might tell a great deal more that I saw, but hesitate, fearing that I might be charged with having

Send 2 cents for our catalogue of sensational, sporting and detective series books; cabinet photos, and sporting goods of all description. RICHARD K. FOX, Franklin Square, New York City.

caught the contagion and with having a desire to go into training as a three-barrelled liar.

The lying of the giddy contingent became so vociferous on the way down that the captain of the boat shut off all steam when we had reached West Point and let the girls talk against the smokestack, and consequently all the captain had to do was to steer the boat and stuff his ears with cotton wadding.

At the West Point dock the giddies spat upon their fingers and smoothed down their lovelocks at a brawny looking fellow in uniform who stood on the dock.

Everybody was anxious to grab a glance from his eye.

One girl said:
"That's Col. Chauncey. We stopped at Narragansett Peah last summer together. He is too offally delightful fer to tell."

When the Colonel began to hustle trunks it was ascertained that the "Colonel" was one of the "Regular Army O," and the subsequent proceedings interested the giddies no more.

QUEVEDO.

A FEMALE BASEBALLIST.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Mrs. Clara Knox, the wife of a baseball player, who lives in Philadelphia, publicly cowhided Robert Moreland, recently, for speaking in a bad manner about her. Moreland boarded with Mrs. Knox, and as her husband was away a great part of the time there was lots of talk by the gossips of the neighborhood about them. These stories came to the ears of Mr. Knox, and he threatened Moreland, while Moreland had him bound over to keep the peace. When Mrs. Knox heard of the matter she obtained a cowhide and went to the Davenport factory, where Moreland worked. She waited until the hands came out and then went for Moreland with the whip. He received a number of sharp cuts and ran away, while the other hands mocked him. Magistrate O'Brien issued a warrant for the arrest of Mrs. Knox later in the day, at Moreland's request.

FOUND IN A CHIMNEY.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Mrs. Mary Kenny, of No. 173 Cherry street, who is the widow of Policeman James Kenny, and who became insane over his death, disappeared on September 8. Her friends searched all over for her without success. A few days ago a chimney sweep started to clean out the chimney and was horrified to discover the body of a woman in it. The alarm was at once given and the chimney quickly torn down, where Mrs. Kenny's body was found. She was so tightly wedged in that it took the strength of several men to pull the body up. One of Mrs. Kenny's hallucinations was that she owed a debt of \$15, and she was in constant fear that she would be arrested and disgrace her husband. She would try to hide from imaginary pursuers and would seek the most out-of-the-way places in her efforts to escape, and it is believed she climbed into the chimney while in one of these fits.

MONKEYED WITH A GORILLA.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

W. H. Stewart of Ft. Wayne, Ind., is proprietor of a museum. He has a very large gorilla, noted for its strength and ferocity, caged, and at present the cage is in his barn. Recently a man named Isaiah Slade of Akron, Ohio, desired to see the animal, and visited Stewart's barn during his absence. The animal had just been fed and one of the iron bars of the cage was left open. As soon as Slade entered the barn the gorilla forced his way through the opening and sprang upon the man, forcing him down and punished him frightfully. His yells brought Stewart, who with great difficulty drove the animal into his cage. Slade had his whiskers all pulled out, one eye gouged out, and his nose badly torn.

DELLA WALKER'S SUICIDE.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Della Walker, a beautiful and accomplished young girl, aged 19 years, committed suicide at Langdon, N. H., recently. She was the daughter of J. C. Walker and was highly educated. She attended the Vermont Academy for two years, Smith College for one year, and spent two years in the Boston Art Museum. She was apparently enjoying her vacation at home, and had expected to return to Boston shortly. The cause of Miss Walker's suicide is a mystery. She was an intimate friend of Miss Skinner, of Keene, and Miss Walker, of Springfield, Vt., both of whom committed suicide last winter. All three young women formerly attended the Vermont Academy together.

HE OUGHT TO HAVE A WHOLE PIE.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

While an unknown tramp was walking from Council Bluffs to Missouri valley on the track of the Chicago and Northwestern road, he discovered a broken rail on a high embankment, where the rails made a sharp turn, between Crescent and Stoney Creek, Ia. No train could pass over it in safety and the next train due was the limited passenger. He at once ran to Honey Creek, three miles distant, and tried to raise the operator, who was not at his post. He then aroused the section hands, and they took the hand car and went back to the broken rail, arriving there just in time to flag the limited and stop it within a few feet of almost certain destruction. The people of the vicinity are raising subscriptions to present the tramp with a pie.

LIGHTNING HAS NO FRIENDS.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

A small frame church, about five miles south of Columbia City, Ind., was struck by lightning while Sunday school services were being held recently. The lightning struck the spire and coursed down through the roof, instantly killing two young girls named Agnes Freyer and Mary Hockemeier, who were sitting together in the centre of their class, and badly frightened the rest of the school.

A YOUNG WOMAN AS A LAWYER.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

One afternoon recently Miss Kate L. Pier, who practices law in Milwaukee, argued a case before the Supreme Court, at Madison, Wis. She was the first who ever appeared in such a capacity before that august body. She made a strong and logical presentation and was accorded the most respectful attention. The lady's opponent was Jno. J. Sutton of Columbus, who was very deferential in his references to the opposing counsel. Miss Pier was attired in black silk and a rich diamond sparkled on her finger. She is a beautiful girl, a little over twenty years of age, a brunette, with

bewitching eyes and very heavy lashes, but her striking feature is her splendid black hair, which falls nearly to the floor in a massive braid. Her mother and she graduated together from the law department of the Wisconsin University a year ago and both now practice at Milwaukee.

DAVE AND JOE.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Dave and Joe Nicely, who are under sentence of death for the murder of Farmer Umberger, overpowered the sheriff of Somerset, N. Y., jail one morning recently, and when the deputy sheriff went to his assistance they put a bullet in him, from the effects of which he may die. They then made good their escape and reached the woods with a crowd of 500 people three minutes behind. After a long search both men were captured and finally landed in jail, though ropes were procured and many wanted to lynch them. It is thought that the brothers had friends outside who were helping them, as six revolvers were found in their cells and on them.

PLACED A TIE ON THE TRACK.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Some fiend placed a cross-tie across the track on the Central Railroad near Atlanta, Ga., recently. The regular night freight train ran into it, and the following men were killed: John Jordan, engineer; Robert Martin, fireman, and Rufus Parker, brakeman. The engine struck with such force as to throw the train off the rails and jumble them up between the high banks of earth on both sides. Near the scene is a barrack, and all hands turned out and a fire brigade was organized, which soon put out all signs of fire. The bodies of Engineer Jordan and his fireman show that they had jumped from the engine and tried to escape death.

"HOLD UP YOUR HANDS!"

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

While the stage from Forest Hill to Auburn, Cal., was on its way to Auburn it was suddenly stopped by a masked man, who sprang from behind some rocks, stopped the horses, and after covering the driver with a revolver, he quietly remarked: "Throw down Wells & Fargo's Express box." The driver waited a minute, hoping the passengers would help him, but as they did not he threw down the box. After getting the box, the masked man called out, "Drive on," and as the stage plunged down the hill the bandit broke the box, took its contents and escaped. He lives in the mountains and is supposed to be from New York.

UNLUCKY FOOTPADS.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

"Old Hutch," the veteran speculator, of Chicago, was held up by footpads in the vicinity of the Rialto building, recently, but the footpads only got fifteen cents off a man worth millions. A watchman in the Lake Shore depot saw the whole affair, and ran forward and frightened the robbers off. To keep the matter quiet, "Old Hutch" took the watchman into his office and gave him a check. The watchman was so pleased about his luck that the check was seen by others, and the matter leaked out.

IN A BAWDY HOUSE.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Recently Mrs. Luke Dimick, of Rock Island, Ill., followed her husband to a house of ill repute, and, seeing him in company with an inmate, fatally shot him. It was given out at the time that the shooting was accidental, and Mrs. Dimick so claimed. The father of the dead man, who is a real estate operator of Chicago, offered to go on Mrs. Dimick's bond for any amount. Last week the grand jury indicted Mrs. Dimick.

SYLPHLIKE SYLVIA GERRISH.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Everybody who ever went to a theatre knows sylph-like Sylvia Gerrish, the sweet singer of Mr. Aronson's Casino contingent. What Miss Gerrish doesn't know about warbling isn't in the books, and what she hasn't learned about being pretty and fascinating is among the things unknowable. Miss Gerrish's portrait will be found in our dramatic gallery this week.

PRETTY ANN E MYERS.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

The gallant Col. McCaull has a treasure in buxom Annie Myers, one of New York's pretty actresses. We present the lady's portrait on another page.

CONFIDENCE IN THE LOUISIANA STATE LOTTERY.

\$10,000 for Cairoites.

Mr. Fred Sticher, the well-known and popular barber at 1,805 Commercial avenue, who drew \$5,000 in the Louisiana State Lottery on the 13th inst., is receiving endless congratulations from his many friends, and the lucky barber feels considerable cause for congratulation himself. A Bulletin reporter found Mr. Sticher at his place of business and questioned him in regard to the winning ticket No. 85,332, which drew one-twentieth of the second capital prize of \$100,000.

Mr. Sticher said: "I have been playing in the Louisiana State Lottery for four or five years, investing \$2 in tickets each month. Have always been satisfied with the result of my investment of my money, for I've drawn numerous small prizes at various times, once a ticket I held was good for \$30. I believe this lottery to be a square deal, as I have never had the least trouble about collecting prizes—the money always came to hand at once. The scheme is a fair one beyond doubt."

"My \$5,000 prize arrived last Monday through the Alexander County Bank. With \$5 off for exchange and \$1 for the ticket, I have a total return of \$4,995, which is now on deposit to my credit at the bank. The other one-twentieth of the same ticket, owned by a club of ten, Messrs. Laycock, McCarty, Shafter, Nagle, Meehan, Brown, Morrow, Moorehead and others, threw \$500 each into the hands of deserving men, who will put it to good use."

"I will invest my money in real estate, perhaps, or let some one do it for me."

"Of course I shall continue to play the lottery. I do not intend to break it, but will contribute my dollar regularly as before to that institution."

And the reporter left Mr. Sticher in excellent good humor over his good luck.—Cairo (Ill.) Bulletin, August 24.

The most sensational book ever published, "Bella Starr, the Famous Bandit Queen of the West," and rival of Jesse James. Very handsomely illustrated; now ready. Price, 25 cents. RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher, Franklin Square, New York City.

BAD MARY MCGREEVY.

Chicago Takes the Cake
with a Precocious Girl
Burglar.

A SIXTEEN-YEAR-OLD THIEF.

She Cracks any Number of
Cribs and is Finally
Scooped.

SENT TO THE HOUSE OF REFUGE.

Chicago takes the cake for precocious burglars. Mary McGreevy, not quite sixteen years of age and pert, plump and pretty, is perhaps the youngest expert female criminal on record, as this story will prove to the satisfaction of the cynical.

Pretty Mary McGreevy began her life of crime before she was thirteen years of age. She is one of six children, her father being a carpenter who holds a com-



SHE GOT AWAY WITH THE PLUNDER.

fortable home on Twenty-third street. Her parents are Irish born, and no stain has ever blotted the family name until their daughter began her criminal career. Where will it end? On the scaffold or immured in a felon's cell for life? She developed a desire to steal while engaged as a domestic in various houses of the rich on the south side. Her quiet, winning ways and pretty face always secured for her a position in the best households.

Her thefts did not remain long undiscovered, and though not arrested, out of consideration for the family, she soon became branded as a dishonest girl by those from whom she had stolen. No longer able to carry on her thefts in the guise of a domestic, she began to break into the houses in the neighborhood where she had been employed. She always chose the morning hours for her operations, when the male members of the family were absent and the servants and female members were attending to their work. Her plan of operation was to approach the house from the rear, selecting a house which had screen doors, with the ordinary doors open. She would



THE PRETTY GIRL BURGLAR.

pick out a house where she saw the servant working outside, and take her chances of meeting some member of the family when she got inside.

Her burglars' tools consisted chiefly of a pair of large, sharp scissors and a capacious bag, in which she stowed her plunder. She used the scissors to effect an entrance by ripping the wire screen near the opening of the door. It took less than a minute to insert her hand or fingers, and, lifting the catch, she was inside ready for business. If she found no screen door she would turn her attention to the basement screen win-



CAUGHT AT LAST.

dows, cut a hole in them and lift them up high enough to crawl inside. Once in the house she did her work swiftly and noiselessly, first ransacking the servants' rooms, which she calculated on being empty. If the contents did not take her fancy she would go upstairs to the family bed rooms, carrying off expensive dresses, trinkets, jewelry and fancy feminine articles. In fact, anything of value, from a piece of lace to a seal-

skin sacque, was jammed into her pockets or the bag she carried. She also pocketed watches and chains, costly bric-a-brac, silver tableware and pocketbooks containing money. Nothing of a salable nature which she could take away handily was despised, and, if not pressed for time, she would go carefully through the rooms, make her selections and wrap the goods in a bundle, which looked less suspicious than a bag. She committed her depredations with boldness and skill for two and a half years, defying detection by the police, who were at a complete loss to know who was the slick house-breaker and thief.

In the spring of 1888 the police of the Stanton avenue district were thoroughly alarmed by the daily reports which they received from victims of the daring daylight burglaries. The neighborhood was believed to be infested with a desperate gang of professional



THE ESCAPE.

house-breakers, and the people lived in daily fear of being robbed and murdered. The police could not obtain the slightest clue to the burglar, while houses continued to be broken into and the inmates robbed with impunity. Officers in plain clothes patrolled the district, and on March 27 the mystery was cleared up. Mary McGreevy was seen to leave a house with a bundle under her arm, and on being questioned it was found the goods had been stolen. Her arrest led to the finding of a wagon-load of stolen goods at Mary's home, which had been stored there without her parents' knowledge. This goes to show what a clever criminal Mary was even at the age of fourteen. The Stanton avenue police station was turned into a fancy bazaar, and women of high and low degree came from far and near to claim their long-lost articles, which they never expected to see again. As Mary was not fifteen years of age at that time and had never been arrested before, she was given a chance to reform; her ways by a year in the House of the Good Shepherd, a Roman Catholic institution which receives erring girls under age.

But her peculiar refractory nature asserted itself before she had been in the home a month. She escaped



REMEMBER.

twice from the irksome restraint and showed her Jack Sheppard proclivities in the next way she got on the outside of the high walls. The Sisters refused to take her back the second time and the police allowed her to return home—only to resume operations at the old stand. Business was soon in full blast. The police began to receive complaints of thefts and daylight burglaries from time to time, and it gradually dawned on the Vidocq intellects that Mary was at her old tricks again. She had been robbing and "burgling" and stealing right and left in the same neighborhood for five months before the "fly cops" got their hands on her a second time. Mary's home was visited again, a trunk full of stolen goods was found and the young culprit was once more in a police cell. Her parents again professed to be ignorant of her depredation, though some of the children were wearing stolen clothing, which Mary told her parents had been given to her by the families she had worked for.

But the fact was that Mary hadn't done a stroke of honest work for several years except in the House of the Good Shepherd. She wore some of the stolen clothing herself, turned the valuable goods and jewelry into cash at the pawnshops and stowed the rest away in her room. She confessed to most of her crimes, and when asked why she played the burglar, smiled and said: "It's an easy way to get what I wanted. There's lots of fun in it. I like good things to wear and money to spend. It's the only way I had to live like a lady." She said she would rather go to the penitentiary than spend another day in the House of the Good Shepherd, and she will probably be accommodated. Her quiet, lady-like demeanor has puzzled every one who comes into contact with her.

Mary was photographed last year for the Rogues' Gallery, and her second picture now adorns the big album. Before "sitting" within the focus of the camera she exclaimed: "I'll never have my picture

We would call the attention of those wishing to subscribe for the POLICE GAZETTE, or desiring to order books or sporting goods, to the 2d page, first column, as per arrangement made with American Express Co.

taken again." She resisted the officers and photographer, kicked and made faces to spoil the picture, but she was finally subdued and a fairly good likeness of her was obtained.

When arraigned in court for the last offense Mary acted as nonchalantly as any of the witnesses when they told of her burglaries; how she broke into their houses, ransacked the rooms, fought like a tigress when caught with her plunder; how she jumped over fences to escape capture; how she flourished a revolver at one of her female pursuers and threatened to shoot another who ventured too near the phenomenal housebreaker; how she gave one housewife a black eye for barring her exit from the scene of her crime, and how she became the terror of the neighborhood in which she operated with such professional skill. All this and more was told to the astonished Judge, while the meek-looking prisoner raised her eyes occasionally or parted her compressed lips in a pleasant smile, showing a pretty set of white teeth, when the witnesses referred to her fence-jumping and revolver-flourishing.

A tell-tale peculiarity about this anomaly is that she will not or can not look any one squarely in the face when being spoken to or speaking herself. She raises her eyes for a second once in a while and, then lowers them to the ground. She has none of the brazen effrontery common to professional criminals of her sex, and when she speaks, which is not often, her voice is soft and low. Her lawyer evidently realized the hopelessness of his task, for he allowed the witnesses to go almost unquestioned, and advanced the plea of insanity in defense of his client's crimes. He argued that the proper place for her to go was the House of the Good Shepherd; that reformation and not punishment would be best for her own good and the safety of society, considering her immature age, but the Court decided to send the incorrigible housebreaker and thief to the Criminal Court, where the County Physician could pass upon her mental condition, and if sane and guilty she must take her first term in the penitentiary. The prisoner was in no way affected by the sight of her grief-stricken parents or the prospect of a penitentiary sentence hanging over her.

SHOT HIS NEIGHBOR'S BOY.

(SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.)

A sad accident occurred at Hughesville, Pa., recently. It seems that James H. Mowrer and William Mecum had just returned from the woods, where they were gunning. They entered Mecum's blacksmith shop and while Mecum was putting away his cartridges Mowrer said he would go home. He took his gun and, being fond of shooting at marks, took aim at an old barn shed next to Mr. Mecum's shop and fired. The report had not died away when he heard a scream, and from under the canvas came Harry King and Alvin Mecum, both boys about twelve years old. Mowrer ran forward and found he had shot Harry King in the right breast. A physician was summoned, but the boy died in a few hours. Mowrer had fired into a tent which the boys had made of canvas and old sticks to play in.

A VERY FUNNY LOUSE.

(SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.)

William Zabrinisky and Mrs. M. Louse, of Chicago, eloped recently and went to St. Louis. When Mr. Louse found that his wife had eloped and taken with her \$500 of his money and some pictures and furniture, he at once started after them, and at last traced them to St. Louis and found them on North Ninth street. He appealed to the police, and as they feared a murder might be committed they sent five blue coats along. They entered and found the pictures scattered around the apartments and Zabrinisky wearing one of Louse's best hats and a pair of slippers, which had been presented to him by his wife, and which bore the inscription, "To my darling." The wife, when encountered, expressed her joy at seeing her husband, and, after kissing him and patting him on the back, returned with him.

CUT TO PIECES.

(SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.)

Mrs. Harrison and her pretty daughter Mary, of Fall River, Conn., visited Providence, R. I., one day recently, to attend a funeral. While there they stopped at the house of a friend at No. 17 Dale street. After having supper the young lady started out for a walk, and as she did not return her friends were wondering what had become of her, when they were notified that her dead body had been found on the railroad track of the New York and New England route by three track laborers. The mother, who was one of the first to reach the scene, found the body torn to pieces. The trunk lay 25 feet away from the limbs. By order of Medical Examiner Palmer, the remains were removed to the morgue.

WILLIE'S LITTLE GUN.

(SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.)

One evening recently a crowd of boys at Winchester, Kan., decided to frighten one of their companions by placing a "tick-tack" on his window. They went to the house of their companion, whose name is Willie Ray, and proceeded to arrange the tick-tack. Willie heard them, and, thinking they were burglars, he loaded a shot gun and fired into the crowd. Ed Lucas received a painful wound in the arm; Daniel Lowe received a bullet in the head, from which he will die, and Tom Gardiner received four wounds, one of which was in the head and another through the lung.

THEY KILLED THE HIGHWAYMAN.

(SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.)

J. L. Patterson, Superintendent of the Runover mine, was knocked off his horse between Daggett, Cal., and Calico and robbed of \$5,000 in gold coin by Parry Dodson, recently. The robber then took Patterson's horse and escaped with the money. Several parties, including the victim, started in pursuit, and Dodson was overtaken by Patterson and John Ackerman near Coyote Hole. He was lying behind some brush when they came upon him, and he commenced shooting at them at once. They returned the fire, hitting Dodson nine times, killing him instantly. The stolen money was found on him.

SHE SWALLOWED HER TEETH.

(SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.)

Mrs. George H. Dunsford, the wife of one of Reading's (Pa.) leading citizens, died recently, after being thrown into spasms while laughing at a theatrical performance. Her artificial teeth were missing after her death, and a post-mortem examination developed the fact that she had swallowed them. They were found lodged in her stomach.

KILLED IN A PRIZE FIGHT.

Thos. E. Jackson Knocked Senseless by
Ed Ahearn in a St. Louis Saloon.

THE ARREST OF ALL CONCERNED.

Thomas E. Jackson, aged 18 years, was killed in a prize fight in Daly Brothers' saloon, St. Louis, Sept. 16. He fought Ed Ahearn, local light-weight champion, eleven bloody rounds, and at the opening of the twelfth fell fainting in his second's arms. The fight throughout was one of the most desperate battles ever witnessed in the ring, science being lost sight of and give-and-take slugging marking the fight throughout. The first blood was brought in the first round, more of it in the second, and by the time half a dozen rounds had been fought the men and their seconds were covered with blood, as was the sawdust on the floor of the ring, while the water with which the fighters were sponged was as red as blood itself.

When Jackson fell unconscious he was carried to a room above the saloon, and three physicians called in. They worked vigorously, but without avail, and at 11 o'clock on the following morning Jackson died. His



JACKSON DROPS LIKE A LOG.

mother, Mrs. George M. Jackson, wife of the well-known local Greenbacker, was notified, and sat by her son's bedside, completely overcome, while the spark of life slowly faded out.

The spectators were principally Pool alley sports, who made up a purse of \$30, for which the men, or rather boys, contested. Two-ounce hard gloves were used. Bob Farrell and Charley Daly seconded Ahearn, and Steve Burns and Mike Mooney looked after Jackson. The fight started at midnight, and the eleven rounds can be described as wholly without science. The crowd of sports sneaked out and left the battered fighter on Daly's hands.

Daly, who has fought some well-known sluggers, among them Meyer, the Streator, Ill., pugilist, who made a draw with Light-weight Champion McAuliffe, did all he could for the dying boy, but without avail.

Jackson was well known in fighting circles as Jack King, and his parents were ignorant of his pugilistic ambition. Ahearn is a gasfitter by occupation and a fighter by inclination.

Ahearn was a pupil of Farrell's, and Jackson announced that he would fight him for fun or money. It was decided that they should fight with two-ounce gloves. The men met on the street Sept. 16, and there was a dispute, which was stopped by an agreement to fight immediately. Both were in fair condition, but had received no special preparation for the battle. Joe Murphy, a reporter, was referee. Jackson had the best of it for three rounds. He knocked Ahearn down twice and slugged him hard.

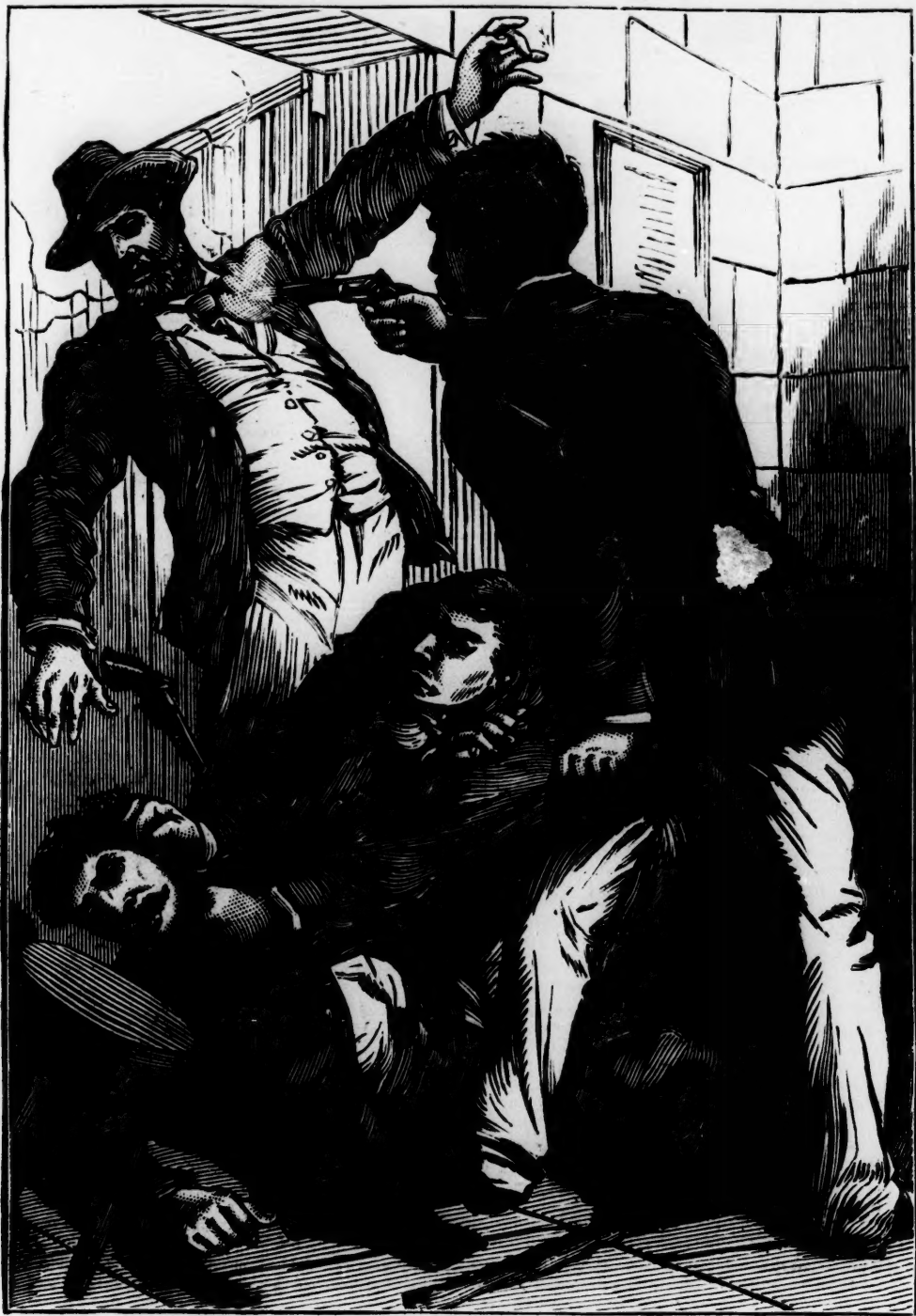
Jackson's seconds claimed foul several times, Ahearn hitting him below the belt and striking him when he was down. The referee would not allow the fouls, and forced the men to fight on. In the tenth round Jackson began to show signs of weakness. Ahearn caught



HE WAS CARRIED TO A HIDING-PLACE.

him a straight left-hander in the jaw that knocked him over in his corner, where he stood bent over with his head about six inches from one of the hard wood posts that formed a corner of the ring. Ahearn rushed at him and struck him a powerful blow on the neck with his right. The blow drove Jackson's head against the post with terrible violence, and he dropped to the floor. He was not "out," but staggered to his feet again and fought two more rounds, and then fell unconscious.

Dan Daly, Charley Daly, Harry Allen, Jim Collins, William Malloy, Bob Farrell, Joe Murphy and other participants and witnesses were arrested. Ahearn was also arrested later, and showed the hard punishment he had suffered. The principals in the affair will be prosecuted for manslaughter.



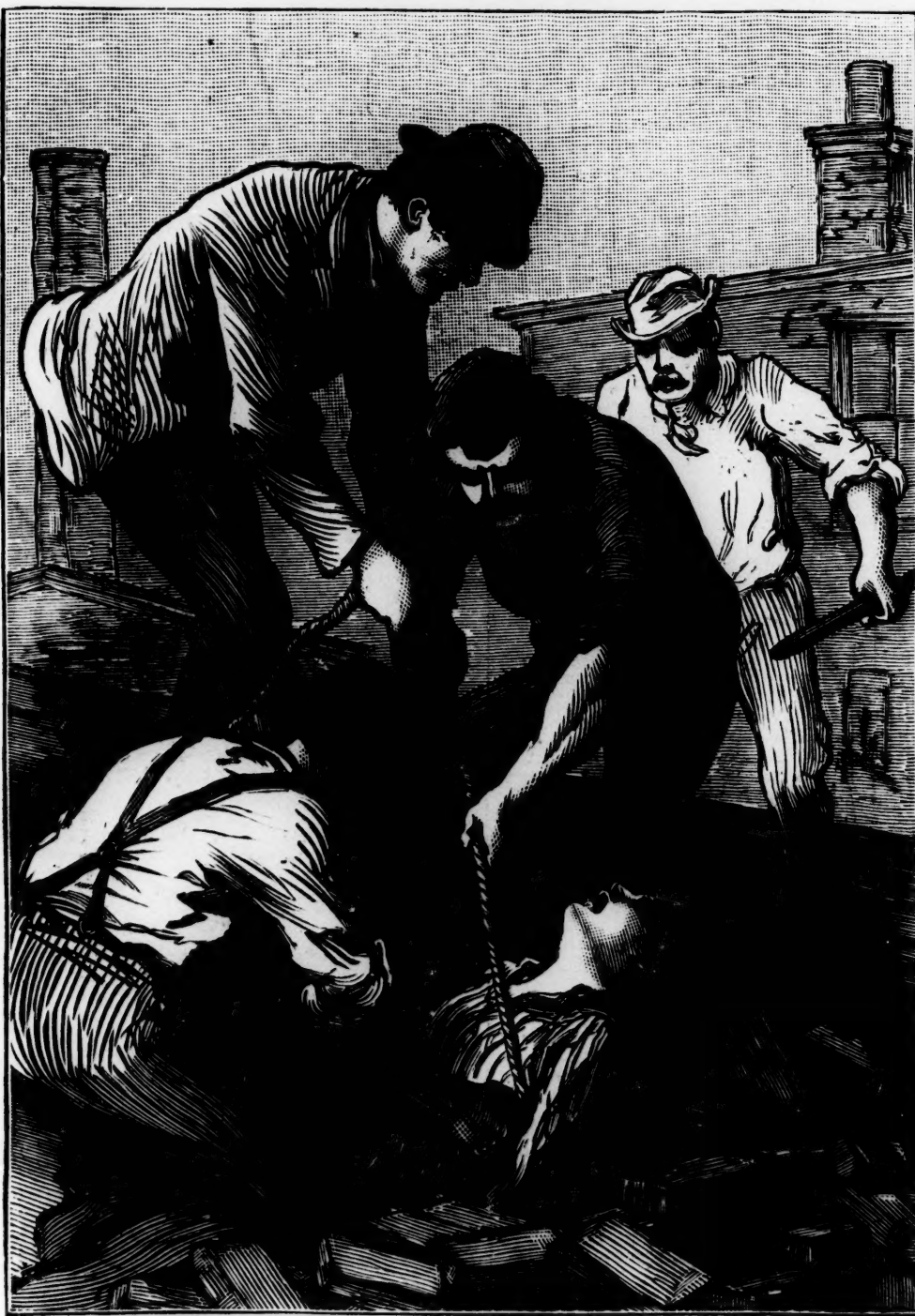
DAVE AND JOE.

A NICE LITTLE PAIR WHICH THE CITIZENS OF SOMERSET, N. Y., DREW TO AND AT AND FINALLY SCOOPED IN.



LIGHTNING HAS NO FRIENDS.

IT SWOOPS INTO AN INDIANA CHURCH FESTIVAL, CAUSES CONSIDERABLE CONSTERNATION AND KILLS TWO PRETTY GIRLS.



FOUND IN A CHIMNEY.

MRS. MARY KENNY, OF CHERRY STREET, NEW YORK, DISAPPEARED WHILE INSANE, AND HER BODY IS RECLAIMED BY A SWEEP.



THEY KILLED THE HIGHWAYMAN.

PERRY DODSON HOLDS UP SUPERINTENDENT PATTERSON OF A CALIFORNIA MINE, AND IS RIDDLED WITH BUCKSHOT



A FEMALE BASEBALLIST.

CLARA KNOX CAPTURES A HIGH BALL AND COMPELS A PHILADELPHIAN TO MAKE A HOME RUN.



A YOUNG WOMAN AS A LAWYER.

MISS KATE L. PIER OF MILWAUKEE, WIS., ARGUES A CASE BEFORE THE SUPREME COURT AT MADISON, WIS.

BOSTON'S GOT THE DUST

And that Reminds "June" that New York's Got the Pennant.

CHIRPY BASEBALL NEWS.

Keefe, of the Washingtons, is dangerously ill at present, as he is suffering from a very serious attack of enlargement of the head, a disease that has been the ruin of so many promising young ball players. He feels that he is the equal of any pitcher in the United States and vastly the superior of Tim Lincecum of the New York club.

Von der Horst, of the Baltimore club, has made a wonderful discovery, and he is in a fair way now to make a large amount of money. He found it out by the merest accident. He made many very unkind remarks about the Baltimore reporters, and then it was that he made the discovery that that was not the way for public men to do business. He got ripped up the back, slashed down the front, and torn to pieces limb by limb, and his poor carcass was hurled upon until the pulp was beyond recognition.

Gabeline discovered a wonderful twist which would have puzzled the entire baseball fraternity, had it not been for a slight accident which occurred the first time he put it into execution. Gabeline is a long-headed fellow, and instead of coming out with a patent on his delivery and starting the land as a phenomenon, he thought he would try it first in his humble way while he played with the Tomatoes, Iowa club. He evidently had not got it down to the proper state of perfection, for the first time he tried it he broke his arm in the attempt. They say it is a great delivery, however, and the man who masters it will make his fortune, as he will certainly be in great demand.

Boston is out with the dust and is buying up everything on the market regardless of the expense, so long as it is a good pitcher.

Jack Kerins has had a delicate sufficiency of umpiring and has quit the business. He has joined the Baltimore club, but so long as he plays ball he will never question an umpire's decision. He has run the gamut and knows how it is himself.

The Boston reporters were full of bragadoos while their team was in the lead, but the moment the New Yorks went ahead of them they began to squeal like pigs, and swear by all that was holy that four-fifths of the players and managers of the League would prefer seeing the New Yorks win the pennant just for the pleasure of seeing the triumvirate downed. The Bostonians are glorious winners, but the hardest losers on the face of the globe.

McVey, of the Indianapolis club, tried to be decent. That is, he asked for his release four or five times, and as they wouldn't give it to him he said he had done as much as he could do toward being respectable, so he started right for home in Texas without going into further argument with his club officials.

Martin Sullivan, though a first-class ball player, had the misfortune of having his head chopped off by the Indianapolis club management for paying more attention to the old stuff than to baseball.

Radbourne, without his moustache, looks as though he had been doing time.

Everything depends upon success. The Buffalo club has had a streak of hard luck this season beyond a doubt, and the patrons of the game in that city, instead of sympathizing with and encouraging the players, are shouting to have them all dropped into the soup and a new team hired for next year.

Ed Silch is a victim of the Denver club management discipline. Ed thought that his services were indispensable, and he paid no attention to the riot act which was read to all the players by the president of the club, nor did it strike him very forcibly when two of the players were released on account of drunkenness. He went right on hitting the booze as of old, until it resulted, to his astonishment, in his being fired bodily out of the club.

The manager of the Louisville club detailed Hecker and Weaver to take his Wolf, the mascot, back to Louisville from Philadelphia.

A hotel keeper in Toronto wanted to attach the gate receipts for \$16 that one of the players owed for board last winter. The management of the club the player belonged to, however, settled the difficulty in very short order.

A certain American Association organ never loses an opportunity to show that the Association is in every respect the equal of the National League. Still, the same sporting paper publishes the following paragraph: "Buffalo is by long odds the best city in the International Association, and good enough for the American Association." Buffalo was in the League at one time, and proved a dead failure, still it is good enough for an Association city. This looks like an acknowledgment of the superiority of the League.

Comiskey is one of the kind who will never say die. He still thinks that the St. Louis club will win the championship of the American Association. He is like a drowning man grasping at a straw, and as pucky as Baron Rudiger in defying death.

The Boston people thought that O'Day was played out and was of no further use, so, instead of buying him from Washington, they would not even have taken him as a gift. As soon as New York got him, however, and he began pitching great ball, they commenced groaning and moaning because they hadn't taken him when they had a chance to get him.

Joe Hornung has proven himself far from being a played-out League player, and the Baltimoreans are now stuck on him in the worst way.

It is too bad that Manager Hart should be so indignant over the fact of the League taking a mail vote over the protested game between the Philadelphia and Boston clubs, but as President Day's vote, of the New York club, decided the game in favor of Boston, it is hardly likely that he will be so loud in his demands in the future to have the matter decided openly.

The Norristown club management thought they were going to make a barrel of money this season out of baseball. It did not pan out as expected, however, and they got it in the neck very hard. To even things up a little they roasted their players to the extent of some \$400 before the club "busted up." Now the players are being and in great shape and threatening to bring suit for back pay.

Denny Lyons once in a while gets on a pleasant little jag, and when he does he generally suspends business and makes the fur fly.

The fact of being a Congressman's son seems to cover a multitude of sins. Congressman Dorgan's son went to Umpire Marshall with a baseball bat at Wadsworth, N. C., and because he did not kill him, and there is a chance of his recovery, Dorgan's friends are becoming jubilant.

Old Anson has gotten his second wind, and is smashing the ball on the nose for all it is worth.

Durrie, of the Hamilton club, of the International Association, has met with such great success this year that he has retired for the season, and will devote the rest of his time to nursing a split hand.

It is hard to tell what will satisfy the Washington people. They had no real hard fault to find with the team as a whole, but thought they might strengthen up considerably in the box. Where they expect to get the material to strengthen with is what puzzles us, as they have three of the finest young pitchers in the country in Keefe, Person and Haddock, any of whom they can sell to any League club in the country if they desire to part with them. Possibly they would prefer having Tim Keefe, John Clarkson and Mickey Welch.

The Chicagoans are playing a good, steady game and hold one of the best-drawing positions in the League. No club, from the best to the poorest in the organization, can go against them with any certainty of winning, while a close game may be looked for, no matter with whom they are playing. Here is where Spalding shows his long head, for when his club held the championship year after year the baseball admirers of Chicago would not go out to see them play with any of the lesser lights of the League. Consequently they didn't amount to shucks as a drawing card outside of the second or third club in the race. The New York club had a dose of this same medicine during the last series of games played in New York City, when they confronted every club in the League and did not draw crowds worth speaking of with any other club than the Boston, who were their most formidable opponents in the race.

Orator Shafer was delivering an oration to Umpire Brennan at Toledo. Brennan did not pay him proper respect in listening to his flow of eloquence, as he cut the orator short by saying: "You're out, and that settles it." But it didn't settle it by any means, as the finishing touch had not been added, so Shafer attended to that part by picking up a bat and smashing Brennan over the head with it.

They say that Lynch is not a home umpire. No we are satisfied of that; nor is he any other kind but a thoroughly incompetent umpire. Why this man is kept in an official position is a problem to which we have devoted many weary and wakeful hours in trying to solve.

George Washington Bradley, the man with a mouth like a tunnel, has outlived his usefulness on the diamond field, and is now preparing for the prize ring. He started in to try his hand on Dave Rowe during a game between the Denver and Sioux City clubs, Sept. 5, but the rest of the players wisely stopped the mill, for the spectators present should consider it a portion of the attraction and therefore demand a prize fight to be fought during the progress of each future game.

"It is said that George Gore is endeavoring to secure his release from the New York Club to accept an engagement with some other League club."—*Exchange*. Rats! George Gore is so badly stuck on New York that you couldn't chase him out of the town with a club, and he would play with the New York club for nothing in preference to going to any other city for a big salary.

During the game between the Toledo and Detroit clubs of Sept. 12 a red hot liner was knocked to Fletcher Cushman, so swift that he could not see it coming. It got there just the same, however, as it landed on his pitching arm and snapped it in two. Cushman, we are sorry to say, will play no more ball this season.

It is claimed that the sympathy of the Washington public is altogether with Boston and against New York. They must have felt terribly bad September 16, when the Bostonians were beaten on their own grounds, three to two, by the Philadelphia, and the New Yorks sewed the

Washingtons up in a bag to the tune of twelve to four. The Newark people are game to the back bone, and although they lost \$4,000 during the season they are still butting against the stream. They have suggested to the players that they agree to a reduction of salary, and unless they do so, there is no earthly possibility of their getting out of the financial difficulties they are in at present.

Johnny Marren, of Elizabeth, N. J., is of the opinion that it is much better for a young man to go to Sunday school on the Sabbath day than it is to play baseball. His experience has been such that it will leave a lasting impression upon him. He strayed from the path of virtue and landed on the ball grounds on a beautiful Sunday afternoon. He donned a mask and went up too close behind the bat. The other fellow had a long reach, and he made a fearful swipe at the ball, but instead of hitting the sphere he clouted Johnny back of the ear and knocked him senseless.

Life and battles of John I. Sullivan, Jake Kilrain, Jack Dempsey and Tom Sayers. All handsomely illustrated. Price, 25 cents each. RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher, Franklin Square, New York City.

ASHTON-GODFREY MILL

Declared Off Because of the Illness of the Former.

ROSS KNOCKS WALSH OUT.

A special cable to the "Police Gazette" from London, England, Sept. 21, says: "At the Manchester September meeting to-day was the race for the Lancashire Plate of 12,000 sovs. (\$80,000), added to a sweepstakes of 20 sovs. each for starters. The distance was seven furlongs. Eleven ran, and the race was won by two lengths by the favorite, Donovan, with Chitabob second, two lengths before the French bred Billy Allcaute, third.

The following cable was received at the "Police Gazette" office from George W. Atkinson: LONDON, Sept. 22.

Jem Smith and Jack Wannop will fight on the 30th. Considerable interest manifested over the affair. Smith decided favorite. Colonel Baker betting heavily on Wannop. Jem Howes training Smith at Brighton. Wannop training at the Plough Inn, Bromley.

Nell Masterson, of Australia, matched to row George Buben over Thames championship course for 2400. Race will be rowed Oct. 14. Searle will train Masterson.

Tom Meadows, of Australia, and Ed White matched to fight for 2300. Small gloves to be used and men are to meet Oct. 25. White is pugilist who defeated Arthur Bobbett.

Chris Crane will back Henry Searle to row O'Connor for 25,000 according to conditions published in American's challenge, but will insist on race being rowed on Thames course or Tyne.

Eck's American team of lady bicyclists have made big success. Miss Lottie Stanley, who holds "Police Gazette" champion medal considered a wonder on the wheel.

Harry Darrin, of Sheffield, and Wm. Cummings are matched to run one mile for £100 and the championship, Oct. 5. (Signed) ATKINSON.

Norval, by Electioneer, the sire of Noraline, trotted at Lexington recently in 2:17½.

El Rio Rey's gross earnings from his five consecutive wins this year foot up \$82,665.

C. Randolph states he will post \$250 to box Johnny Murphy of Boston for the feather-weight championship.

On Sept. 23 Wm. O'Connor, the champion carman, and his backer, Joe Rogers, and Fred Mossop arrived in New York from England.

At the Brooklyn Jockey Club track, on Sept. 19, Philander, by Wild Idle—Precious, owned by Senator George Hearst, won a mile dash, and a \$5 "French ticket" paid \$608. In the books betting was 20 to 1 against Philander.

James McCann, of New Bedford, and James Powell, of Woonsocket, fought a 14-round prize fight at Ironstone, Mass., on Sept. 22. The greatest confusion prevailed during the fight. In the last round Powell was fought down, and was unable to rise.

On Sept. 21 Joe Murphy, of Harlem, and George Peterson, of the Fourth ward, fought to a finish at a resort in Westchester county, for a purse of \$200, with 1-ounce gloves. The battle lasted 2 rounds, but the fighting was of a very desperate and slugging nature.

Jake Kilrain is to be tendered a benefit in this city, and Frank Stevenson will manage it. It will no doubt be a success, and Dominick McCaffrey, the gentlemanly and popular pugilist, has volunteered to wind up with Baltimore's great pugilist. The New York Circus is, we understand, to be engaged for the affair.

At the Manhattan Athletic Club, New York city, on Sept. 21, Sidney Thomas, the English amateur runner won the championship of America in the ten mile run. The following is Thomas' time: One mile 5:17; two, 10:35; three, 15:54; four, 21:16 2-5; five, 26:41 2-5; six, 32:07 4-5; seven, 37:37 1-5; eight, 43:08 1-5; nine, 48:40 1-5; ten, 53:58 4-5.

A special from Wilmington, Del., to the "Police Gazette," Sept. 21, says: "At the Warren Club fall sports this afternoon, W. L. Condon, of the New York Athletic Club, the present holder of the world's record for throwing the 16-pound hammer, with 4-foot handle, one hand, 7 feet run, exceeded all previous performances by a throw of 120 feet 6½ inches."

A special to the "Police Gazette" from San Francisco says: "The master of ceremonies of the California Athletic Club has deposited a certified check for \$5,000 as a first deposit in the match to a finish between Jimmy Carroll, the lightweight, and Billy Myer of Streator, Ill. Myer covers the amount the battle will take place in Mexico next winter."

After all the negotiations and preparations made for the fast encounter between Jack Ashton and George Godfrey, those who expected to witness and read about a first-class mill will be disappointed, for Ashton has been afflicted with a siege of malaria, which necessitated his stopping training, and Billy Madden, his manager, on finding that it was impossible for him to recuperate in time, notified the members of the Parnell Club of Boston of the facts, and the match is declared off. While the sporting public has been greatly disappointed in not witnessing what would have certainly been a first-class battle, they cannot blame either Ashton or his shrewd manager, Billy Madden, for "the break away." The losers by the fiasco are the principals and their managers, for it has cost considerable money to defray both Godfrey's and Ashton's training expenses.

About 1,500 persons witnessed the twelfth annual fall games of the Manhattan Athletic Club in this city on Sept. 21. The track was unusually fast. The results were as follows:

One hundred and fifty-yard dash—Won by J. R. McMullen, B. A. C.; time, 15 seconds.

Two-mile walk—Won by C. E. Nicholas, F. A. C.; time, 15 minutes 21 2-5 seconds.

Four hundred and forty-yard run—Won by L. R. Sharp, N. Y. A. C.; in 50 3-5 seconds.

Handicap bicycle race, 1½ miles—Won by F. G. Brown in 4 minutes 38 4-5 seconds.

Throwing 26-pound hammer—Won by C. A. Queckburner, S. I. A. C., with an actual throw of 125 feet 5 inches.

Half-mile run—Won by D. J. Tompkins in 2 minutes 2½ seconds.

Running broad jump—Won by W. B. Coster, N. Y. A. C., 19 feet 9 inches.

Two hundred and twenty-yard hurdle race—Won by George Schwager, S. I. A. C., in 28 seconds.

One-mile run—Won by J. Reid, A. A. C., in 4 minutes 35 seconds.

Two mile steeple chase—Won by A. B. George, M. A. C., in 11 minutes 17 2-5 seconds.

Duncan C. Ross, the champion all-round athlete and mounted sword champion, was recently engaged by the Kinira State Fair Directors for one week at a salary of \$1,800. Ross was to stand champion against all comers who would throw down the gauntlet to battle with him. It had been reported that Sergeant Walsh, of California, and Duncan C. Ross, who are rivals, for the mounted sword championship, were at loggerheads, and several whispered that if Sergeant Walsh was engaged to meet Ross there would not only be great interest manifested in the affair, but that there would be a battle between these modern knights which would rival the battles of the Knights of the Red Cross, famous in the history of Palestine. Sergeant Walsh was engaged, and the proposed meeting between armor-clad mounted warriors was heralded afar. On Sept. 19 the rivals met, and over 20,000 spectators were present. The men, at bugle call, galloped on the field, and each got into position, with reins tightened and their gleaming swords grasped with determination. The bugle sounded for the attack, and both of the rivals spurred their horses and the battle began. It was no child's play, for they cut and slashed at each other, while the spectators looked on with breathless interest. Ross received a cut on his left arm, and immediately made a stroke at Walsh's head,

Walsh was knocked from his horse insensible, and remained unconscious for several minutes. He was carried to his hotel in a very weak condition, but he is much better and is considered out of danger. Those who witnessed the contest will never forget the great prowess Ross displayed, and think of what might have been a fatal affray.

George W. Atkinson, of "Sporting Life," London, writes as follows in regard to the coming great prize fight between Frank P. Slavin, the champion of Australia, and Jem Smith, the champion of England, for £200 a side and the championship of England: LONDON, Sept. 12, 1899.

TO THE POLICE GAZETTE.—The match between Frank P. Slavin, the champion of Australia, and Jem Smith, the champion of England, promises to be a great betting event, for the Australian contingent, who won a fortune on Searle, the Australian carman, believe they can win "a double event," to use a turf phrase, by backing Slavin. The Australian champion may be the holder of a first-class certificate in the pugilistic class, but it is very doubtful whether he is as sweet a plum to pluck as Searle was. He may be just as great a pugilist as Searle is a sculler, but this point must be settled in the orthodox twenty-four foot ring. Searle was well worthy of backing, and the Australians knew it, but whether they believe Slavin has the same quantity and quality remains to be seen by the amount of money they invest.

In the match with Slavin for £200 a side, open for £1,000 a side, Smith's backers would have made it for the latter sum had the Australian's backers been ready then to sign articles for that amount, but the end of the rope is not yet reached, and probably when the time arrives for putting up the final instalment the Australian's backers may bet £1,000 on the result out and out, independent of the main stakes. Slavin is well put together; he is clever with the muffers, but how he will perform with the raw 'uns is a hard matter to judge. Several of the Australian party are confident that he will beat Smith, but they have not seen the latter perform, and if they had witnessed the desperate battle fought nearly two years ago with Jake Kilrain, they might possibly change their opinion. Smith will be backed with a ton of money, and it will be put on in just as big sums as when the Canadian contingent backed Wm. O'Connor prior to his race with Searle. Jemmy Howes will train Smith for his battle with Slavin, so there is not the least doubt but that Smith will be in the best possible condition when he faces Slavin in the ring, and it is said Smith will fight under different tactics than when he fought Jake Kilrain for the "Police Gazette" champion belt and £2,000, in December, 1897. GEORGE W. ATKINSON.

"SNAPPER" GARRISON, The famous Rider, and August Belmont have a Run-in.

Sporting circles received a shock on Sept. 18 from which they will not recover in quite a while. The cause of the excitement was the discharge of Edward H. (better known as "Snapper") Garrison by August Belmont. The trouble originated from the race for the Oriental handicap, run Sept. 17 at the Brooklyn Jockey Club track, for which race Raeland was a starter. Garrison had the mount on him, and on his recent form he was installed the favorite over such high-class horses as Kingston, Exile, Badger, Los Angeles and others. Mr. Rowe, the trainer for Mr. Belmont, told all of his friends that Raeland was a "cinch," and that he was trained to the hilt.

As it was known that Raeland can run as well in the mud as on a dry track, the money poured in on him by the thousands. Garrison was not in the best of positions, although the start was a good one. Garrison did not hustle Raeland any, but he moved up in a better position as they rounded into the backstretch, and in the run up the far stretch he was well up on the leaders. On the upper turn Kingston, Badger, Los Angeles and Exile began their run, and during the excitement Raeland was almost forgotten, but as they neared the finish it was seen that Raeland was back in the race, with Garrison apparently not exerting himself to any great extent.

After the race Jimmy Rowe, Belmont's trainer, who was very much excited, with the greatest of will power managed to restrain himself from striking Garrison, but he let out a flow of epithets at the "Snapper" that fairly took his breath away. Just then August Belmont hove in sight, and there was blood in his eye. He told Garrison that he thought that he did not try to win and made several other remarks.

Garrison tried to explain, but Mr. Belmont cut him off very short, and told him that explanations were unnecessary. As a parting shot he told him that he was not the only jockey in the land, and that he should never throw a leg over one of his horses again.

When Garrison put in an appearance at the track on Sept. 18 he was told by Mr. Rowe that his services as Mr. Belmont's jockey were no longer required.

It was reported from a very reliable source that an investigation is being quietly held, and it was further stated that Mr. Belmont accused Garrison of backing Kingston.

The race was one of the best of the season, and the event of the day was the Oriental Handicap, which was worth \$7,000 and was looked forward to with the greatest interest.

Kingston, Raeland, Badger, Los Angeles and Exile had the greatest number of followers, and the general opinion was that the race would be between them, for, as one man put it, "Class tells." Kingston, 127 pounds, Murphy's up, won by a short head, Los Angeles second, a head before Badger, with Exile so close up, fourth, that many thought he would have won had the distance been 100 yards further. It was such a close and exciting finish, that the only comparison that can be drawn is the famous race for the inaugural Brooklyn Handicap between Dry Monopole, Blu Wing and Hidalgo. The time of the race is not astounding but the track was heavy, and in the first part of the race there was no pace. The last furlong was a clincher, though, and on it the race was decided. The fractional time was as follows: 14, 28½, 42, 55½, 1:09, 1:21½, 1:34, 1:46½, 1:59½, 2:12½. The distance was one mile and a quarter.

LATKE.—August Belmont and his crack jockey, E. H. Garrison, have since buried the hatchet, and on Sept. 21 Garrison rode Belmont's colors to the front, having the mount on Magnate at the Brooklyn Jockey Club. On the same day Garrison gained himself more fame by riding the winner of the other big event on the programme, the Ocean View Stakes. The feat he accomplished with Come-to-Taw, late stable companion to Proctor Knott, but now the property of Sam Bryant solely. And not only did the "Snapper" secure for himself honor and glory, but he gathered in into his private banking account sundry dollars—to wit, \$5,000, being the proceeds of \$100 placed at odds of 50 to 1, and \$1,000, the fruit of \$100 at 10 to 1 for a place.

The bookmaker who furnished these quotations was one of the many who thought Come to Taw had no earthly chance, and he had laid up against him accordingly. Other bookies quoted 40 to 1, but the price went down with a rush to 12 to 1 at the end.

The POLICE GAZETTE boxing gloves. All professional and amateur boxers recommend them. Send for price list to Richard K. Fox, Franklin Square, New York.

NEWS FROM ALL OVER.

"Referee's" Resume of the Week's Sporting Doings 'Round the World.

EVERYTHING THAT'S INTERESTING.

I see Dick Howell has again been doing wonders on the wheel.

Recently, in England, he rode one mile on a bicycle in 2 minutes 31.5 seconds. Howell's time is three-fifths of a second in advance of the previous record.

I wonder what the St. Paul, Minn., sporting men think of their "Slasher" now. About a year ago they were eager to match Killen to meet Jake Kilrain for \$2,500 a side. It would have been a picnic for the Baltimore pugilist.

Many who lost money on Wm. O'Connor's defeat by Henry Ernest Searle, now claim that there was a screw loose in O'Connor's shell—or somewhere else.

They insinuate that O'Connor did not row as well while he was measuring blades with the Australian as he did when he rowed that trial or relay race with Wallace Ross and George W. Lea a few days before the race with Searle.

Others intimate that it was not on the programme for O'Connor to win, but that Searle and O'Connor are to row two or three races, and that Messrs. Thompson, Carmichael, Allen, Rogers and Moscop are to manipulate the races, or, in other words, pull the wires.

The best judges of rowing in England, who witnessed the Searle and O'Connor race, are unanimous in their opinion that O'Connor is not in the same class with Searle, and, in condition or not, he could not defeat the Australian, even if he received ten seconds start.

Under these circumstances, always providing that they are true, the public will look with distrust upon any new match that Searle and O'Connor should arrange, and should they agree to row for an alleged large stake those who lost thousands on O'Connor's defeat will smell big mice, for no sane sporting man would dream of matching O'Connor to row Searle again after the crushing defeat the Australian gave the American champion on the Thames on Sept. 9, 1888.

In my opinion, there was something wrong about the race, as far as O'Connor's rowing was concerned. I am positive he cannot outrow Searle the Thames championship course distance, and I prophesied that in these columns months ago.

O'Connor can, however, row a faster three miles than he did on the Thames on Sept. 9 while racing with the aquatic locomotive of New South Wales, but why he did not do so only himself can explain.

Perhaps he was overtrained, but this is hardly possible. Maybe he lost heart and could not row for such a large stake and a fortune in bets, for I have known champion billiard players, oarsmen and pugilists who could fairly outdo their opponents when contending for no stake, but when the competition was for a big sum and a fortune in bets they lost heart and could not equal their best performances. O'Connor may have suffered from excitement and lost control of himself, or possibly it might not have been on the slate for him to win; time will tell.

I see Duncan C. Ross, John McPherson, who holds the "Police Gazette" cham; on all-round trophy of Canada, and Charles Currie are wrangling over the all-round athletic championship.

The challenge Duncan C. Ross issued in the "Police Gazette," backed up with \$500 forfeit, to engage in an all-round athletic competition at throwing the light and heavy hammer, the 56-pound weight, tossing the caber, etc., for \$1,000 started the ball rolling.

Ross' challenge has not been accepted, but Currie, the Canadian Giant, has published a windy challenge in the Toronto *Empire*, backed up with no money, but containing many insinuations against the gentleman Ross named for stakeholder; but this is not business.

Ross' money is up, and he is ready to meet the wonderful Currie for money, not with ink and paper or wind, but for one thousand dollars; and the only way Currie, in my opinion, can reply to Ross' challenge in a business way is to cover the all-round champion's money deposited with the Police Gazette.

Currie is no doubt a wonder at shot putting; so is McPherson, who defeated Currie for the "Police Gazette" champion trophy last October; but Ross is champion, and his previous performances and his record prove it.

I clipped the following from the "Empire," Toronto, September 13: "A correspondent writes from New York that Professor Mike Donovan told him that there was a distinct understanding between Johnson, Mitchell and Fitzgerald that Kilrain should lose 'the great fight,' and that 'Pony' Moore and Charles Mitchell never bet a dollar on Kilrain."

In regard to Pony Moore betting on the result of the championship battle, if Donovan did state that Pony Moore did not bet any money, and I doubt it, Donovan is wrong. Pony did bet \$100, and Barney Maguire put up \$100 against it, but this was the only bet Pony made.

I learn that at San Francisco recently Supol, the pride of Palo Alto, got her revenge over Lillian Wilkes, when the pair met for the second time in the San Mateo stake for three-year-olds. The entries were Supol, driven by Marvin; Lillian Wilkes, driven by John Goldsmith, and Count Valentin's filly Margaret, by Sydney. The race was best three in five heats, and the betting before it \$50 to \$40 on Lillian Wilkes. Supol won the first heat with a bad break in 2:31, Margaret second. Then the Palo Alto filly was made favorite and won the second heat, with Margaret second, in 2:24. The race was easily won by Supol. Lillian is said to have had a bad leg and is not likely to trot any more for some time.

The following remarkable scores were made with a revolver at the grounds of the South London Rifle Club, England, at 20 yards, on an 11-inch target that has a 3-inch bull counting six and a 2-inch bull counting seven. From the 3-inch bull to the outer edge are four rings, counting respectively 5, 4, 3 and 2. Eight targets were used, and 12 shots were fired at each. On the first target 79 was made; on the second, 83; third, 82; fourth, 80; fifth, 82; on the sixth only five shots were fired and 37 was scored; the seventh, 79, and the eighth, 82. Out of the 25 shots at 50 yards, with a 4-calibre revolver, at an 8-inch bull, only four shots were outside.

The sprinters, I see, are still running races, and their managers are playing "the sure thing" racket. At Davenport, Iowa, recently, there was a race, and nearly every one in the neighborhood was taken in.

The race was arranged by a sprinter who gave his name as Cunningham, and who claimed to hail from Australia, but who is really thought to have worked in behalf of some gamblers. Large bets were secured, and Cunningham, with the understanding that he would allow himself to be beaten, instead of this outran the other man, got hold of the stake money and fled. He and his pals made away with something over \$7,000, and one of the sports of the town, who thought he stood in with Cunningham and backed him to lose, is clean broken.

Ike Weir is a high-priced boxer. On Sept. 16 he wanted \$200 to box a few rounds at Knickerbocker Cottage, Hoboken, but Captain Boye refused to give up such a large amount.

Gaudaur's backer says: "I do not propose to have anything to do with Teemer in the boat racing line hereafter. The decision of the referee that Gaudaur should row the McKeesport race over again was rather peculiar, but he had to choose between a broken head and such decision, and I can't blame him much. On the night of the race," he continued, "I felt reasonably sure from what he told me that the decision would be given to Gaudaur. I do not charge the referee with being dishonest. He seemed to be a well-meaning fellow, but he halled from the wrong town to decide against Teemer. On the evening of the race Teemer's principal backer acknowledged to me that Gaudaur had won fairly and squarely. Hamm was on the course to keep it clear, and Teemer agreed that he should be permitted to do so."

I supposed the great battle for \$20,000, the "Police Gazette" champion belt and the championship of the world, between John L. Sullivan and Jake Kilrain, would end the budget or important prize ring encounters of 1889, but I see that there is to be another great battle which will create no little interest in all parts of the world among all classes who follow pugilism.

I refer to the great match ratified on Sept. 17 at London, Eng., between Frank B. Slavin, the champion of Australia, and Jem Smith, the English champion.

The match is going to be no pillow-throwing affair, but a battle for wealth, fame and athletic glory, and will be fought according to London prize ring rules, the only code whereby the athletic premier can be decided. Articles of agreement have been signed and sealed for stakes of from \$200 to \$1,000, the fight to take place outside of England within three months, \$200 on each side were deposited.

I learn through the "Police Gazette" correspondent the result of the Amsterdam international chess congress. Amos Burn of Liverpool, England, turned up a new champion, and he won first prize. He scored six victories and two draws without the loss of a single game. Herr Lasker, a youth from Berlin, won the second prize with a score of five wins, two draws and one defeat. James Mason won the third place without the loss of a game—three wins and five draws. Van Vliet, a Dutch player, won the fourth prize, with a score of three wins, four draws and one defeat. His success was a genuine surprise, as he is comparatively an unknown player. Ex-Champion Gunsberg of London secured the fifth prize, winning two games, drawing four and losing two.

There were but nine competitors in the tournament, but owing to their world-wide reputations and the high character of the play it was an important event, and Amos Burn may well be proud of his achievement.

By the way, Edward J. Carney, the crack single-sculler of the Institute Boat Club of Newark, N. J., has been ordered to appear before the Executive Committee of the National Association of Amateur Oarsmen to show cause why he should not be disqualified for participating in the regatta of the New England Association, held at Boston on Labor Day. The cause of the trouble is that J. J. Murphy, who had been disqualified by the association for being a professional, rowed in the race.

Billy Ferguson of Toronto has recently gained quite a reputation for putting men *hors de combat* in rows and squabbles, and it is said he has, within the past two months, put many a man who disputed his veracity to sleep. On Sept. 14, at John F. Scholes' famous athletic club house on Yonge street, Toronto, John Sheppard and Robert Clarke were playing quills when Ferguson, with a friend, entered the ground that adjoins the saloon and attempted by curious antics and stilted demonstrations to stop the game.

Scholes had his measure, and urged him to retire and not "stand upon the order of going, but go at once." Ferguson refused, and told Scholes he could whip him and his fancy dogs. Scholes chastised the bully and put him out. Later he returned, although his face was bruised and damaged, and stripping dared Scholes to face him, at the same time advancing with vengeance in his eye.

At the time there was at least a dozen persons present, and Scholes stood the bully's defiant taunts until they were unbearable, and then a sharp tussle followed. Ferguson used feet and hands, and tried to hit and kick with the same effect, but Scholes, who is a Bobby Dazzler with his mavericks, landed left on Ferguson's left eye, which opened a new gash, and followed it up with the double on the nose and mouth. Ferguson fell like a load of bricks, but, like the Guards at Waterloo, he was up and at Scholes again trying to clinch, but a left-hander straight from the shoulder sent Ferguson to the ground as if he had been shot. He lay on his hands and knees, bleeding like a stuck pig, until he was carried out, bathed and patched up by his friends. If Scholes had not been a pugilist as well as a sporting man of the first water, what chance would he have had with Billy Ferguson, the Scotch champion? None.

I never had any faith in the stilted abilities of Pat Killen, the Duluth Slasher, and the millions that have read these columns for the past decade are well aware that time and again I said Killen lacked the heart to be able to stand champion. Joe McNeill demonstrated this fact when he put the Duluth Slasher to sleep at San Francisco in 7 rounds, fought in 27 minutes.

It is to be regretted that the Governor of Wisconsin did not permit Patsy Cardiff and Mike Conley, the Itasca Giant, to settle their dispute at Hurley. Who knows but that if these gigantic gladiators had been allowed to face each other in the arena, Conley would again be on top of the heap in his class.

The principal change in the Rugby rules adopted by the Yale, Harvard and Princeton teams for this season is that of the penalty for throttling, tripping, etc., from ruling off to a free kick of 25 yards for opponents.

Canadian swell and medium-sized bettors are the gamblers in the world, but there is no man amongst them ready and willing to give a man a second show. In other words, true sportsmanlike spirit is at a vast discount in Canada.

Ned Hanlan is looking for a good, strong young man of twenty or twenty-one, weighing from 150 to 160 pounds, with some heart in him and some knowledge of sculling, and he believes he can make a world-beater out of him.

Searle's victory was a triumph for the book-makers.

If amateurs want to turn out good professional oarsmen they must learn to row more than a mile and a half. Hanlan won his spurs at five miles.

Until the last decade no one ever dreamed Australia would turn out such a galaxy of oarsmen, all capable of rowing in the championship class. Now, while Searle is a phenomenon, what will Stansbury and McLean turn out to be?

Searle proposes to go back to Australia via America, if it is made worth his while.

There's a great chance for some enterprising people to offer big money and get up a race in America in which Searle will compete.

The people of Toronto should tender O'Connor such a reception as was never given to any sportsman for the straightforward and sportsmanlike manner in which he has conducted himself while in England; not only while there, but through his whole career. If Searle could be induced to come here to row O'Connor I am sure the Australians could find dollar for dollar for all they could bring.

Now ready. "Champions of the English Prize Ring from the time of Figg to the Present Day," also "Life of Tom Sayers." Price, 25 cents each. RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher, Franklin Square, New York City.

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T. J., Boston.—No.
P. S., Scranton, Pa.—Yes.
MATTY, Brooklyn, N. Y.—A wins.
N. G. S., Omaha.—1. A wins. 2. Sixes are high.
A. S., Boston.—The referee's decision was final.
S. W., Holyoke, Mass.—Sixes are high at poker dice.
G., Philadelphia.—We will answer your query next week.
H. P. H., Forest Grove, Oregon.—There is no official record.
C. H. D., Jacksonville, Fla.—He claims he was born in Jamaica.

N. K., Baldwin, Col.—Cards show for themselves in all games.

W. C., Hufsa.—Sullivan weighed 217 pounds, Kilrain 178 pounds.

A. H. L., Orlando, Fla.—1. Nine and four-fifth seconds. 2. 30 seconds.

S. J., Brooklyn, N. Y.—Daniel O'Leary defeated A. P. Weston three times.

C. H. H., Altoona, Pa.—We never heard of a diamond costing that amount.

A. B. C., Boston, Mass.—John L. Sullivan stands 5 feet 10 1/2 inches in height.

J. F. M., Hoboken, N. J.—We have no record of the Oats and Farrell prize fight.

M. J. B., Albany, N. Y.—Tony Pastor was born at Greenwich, N. Y., in May, 1835.

Y., Harlem, N. Y.—A letter will reach Patsy Cardiff addressed to Minneapolis, Minn.

M. S., Olean, N. Y.—1. No. 2. Fish Smart skated one mile in 2 minutes, Jan. 30, 1881.

W. H. C., Glenbrook, Conn.—John L. Sullivan and Jem Smith never fought or boxed together.

H. W. C., New Lisbon, O.—Send 20 cents and we will mail you a book with the records you want.

W. W., Streator, Ill.—1. Address a letter to P. T. Barnum, Bridgeport, Conn. 2. We do not know.

R. S. W., Harrisburg, N. Y.—We have no proof that the party you name lifted a 516-pound dumbbell.

S. M., Augusta, Me.—A wins third prize. B and D are entitled to first and second if they agree to divide.

J. C. M., Altoona, N. Y.—Address Harry Jennings, corner of Broome and Centre streets, New York City.

M. W. J., Paterson, N. J.—Billy Edwards and Tim Collins only fought once, and the battle ended in a draw.

T. W. H., Troy, N. Y.—Jerry Donovan, the pugilist, did second Jem Mac when the latter fought Tom Allen.

J. H., Jr., Chicago.—1. Duncan C. Ross is the champion. 2. No. 3. Send 25 cents for "The American Athlete."

SCIPPO, New Britain, Conn.—American Girl, the trotter, fell dead while trotting at Elmira, N. Y., on Oct. 1, 1889.

B. MCC., Butte, Mont.—Your dumbbell feat must be authenticated before we can accept them as official records.

C. R., Hudson, N. Y.—1. We do not believe in such freaks. 2. The party you refer to must have been a good guesser.

G. P. G., San Diego.—1. Your score is the best. 2. There is no authentic record of shooting with the rifle you mention.

J. J., Buffalo, N. Y.—John L. Sullivan weighed 217 pounds, Kilrain 178 pounds when they fought at Richmond, Miss.

F. K. D., Duryea, Pa.—Littlewood beat Albert's record by 2 miles 5 laps. Albert, 431 miles; Littlewood, 432 miles 6 laps.

T. J. S., Potsville, Pa.—Jack Randall, the pugilist, was born on Nov. 25, 1794. He fought fifteen battles and was never beaten.

J. W., Morrisstown, N. J.—Robert F. Odium, lost his life by jumping from the Brooklyn Bridge, New York city, on May 23, 1885.

Mrs. M. T., Washington, D. C.—Mervine Thompson is traveling with a circus. A letter addressed to this office may reach him.

T. J., Pittsburg, Pa.—The referee should have decided the race to be rowed over, for Teemer was evidently fouled purposely.

F. C., Brookside, Ala.—Heenan weighed 185 pounds, Sayers 122 pounds, when they fought April 17, 1860, at Farnborough, England.

T. S., New Orleans, La.—The largest amount of money paid to a jockey is \$12,000. This August Belmont pays to E. H. Garrison.

T. S., Toronto.—Goldseeker, Varsity, Eridaport and El Dorado look like horses having the best chance to win the Cambridgehire.

TOFFITE, Lexington, Ky.—1. Foxall, the American race horse, won the Grand Prix de Paris, the Cesarewitch, Cambridgehire and the Ascot Gold Cup. 2. No.

T. G., St. Louis, Mo.—1. Jack Dempsey and George Le Blanche have fought twice. 2. Send 10 cents and we will forward you the POLICE GAZETTE with their records.

T. G., Bradford, Pa.—He did receive the referee's decision in his favor, but the general public who witnessed the contest were of the opinion that the decision was unjust.

T. J., New York City.—1. Donovan. 2. Roseborough and Volteur ran a dead heat in the St. Ledger in 1850. 3. Yes; The Colonel and Cadrian ran a dead heat in the English Derby in 1828.

T. S., Baltimore.—1. Walter Brown, the champion oarsman, never rowed against Joe Sadler, the English champion, in England. 2. He beat Wm. Sadler, the champion's brother, on the Tyne in 1850.

T. W., Rochester, N. Y.—1. In 1879 Parole went to England. 2. He ran 11 times during that year, winning 5 races. Parole ran ten times in England in 1880; he did not win, but ran second twice, third once.

A. W. W., New York City.—1. Yes, when he was the champion. 2. Many claimed Tom Sayers was invincible, but his battle with John C. Heenan, the Beneca Boy, in 1860, at Farnborough, exploded that theory. 3. Yes.

R. W. H., Philadelphia.—1. The America won the Queen's Cup Aug. 22, 1851. 2. The Arrow was the name of the English yacht that beat the America in England in 1852. 3. The Alarm beat the America in 1861 in England.

J. W. H., Scotland.—Jem Carney, of Birmingham, Eng., and Jimmy Mitchell, of Philadelphia, light-weight pugilists, fought 11 rounds, with skin gloves, on a barge on the Hudson river, New York, June 17, 1867. Carney won.

R. J., New York City.—1. The Futurity stakes was not a big betting event, it being too open a race. 2. The full value of the Futurity stakes was \$48,675, of which \$2,750 was divided—two-thirds and one-third—between second and third horses. Chas. therefore won \$54,925, St. Carlo \$5,244, and Sinaloa II. \$2,916.

J. D. H., Ashland, Wis.—The bet is a draw, both tying. If the Ashlands had made six runs in the inning they scored five, why, then the party betting Ashland would make as many runs in one inning as the Appletons would in the whole game would have won, but as both teams scored five runs the bet is a draw.

W. J. H., Jalisco, Mexico.—In a game of poker, K is A's ante and B's straddle. B refuses to straddle, and agrees to pass the straddle to C, the dealer. There are only three players, and A claims that C cannot straddle unless B straddles first or by consent of all parties in the game. How is it, please? Answer—A is right.

READER, Leadville, Colo.—1. Three of the most important victories won by Jack Dempsey, under Queensberry rules, are defeat of Jack Fagarty in 27 rounds, Feb. 2, 1886; Pete McCoy, in 6 rounds, and George Le Blanche, the Marine, in 13 rounds, March 14, 1886. Send 25 cents for "Life of Dempsey" with full history of all his battles. 2. Tom Allen fought McCool to a standstill in 9 rounds, July 14, 1866. The McCool party then cut the ropes. They were again matched to fight Nov. 10, 1870, but McCool weakened and the match fell through.

GENERAL SPORTING NOTES.

George Allen of Australia, the winner of a ten-round contest at the Golden Gate Club, challenges Jack Lynch to a fight in any club for a reasonable stake.

George Peters, colored, of Detroit, knocked out Jay Ashland of Buffalo, the champion heavy-weight of western New York, in six rounds at Fort Huron, Sept. 12.

Robert T. Scarborough, a prominent merchant of Purvis, Miss., and bondman for Sullivan, Kilrain and Renaud, is dead. His death will necessitate making a new bond in each case.

The Directors of the California Athletic Club have received a dispatch from the Pelican Club of London asking permission for Peter Jackson to box Jem Smith 10 rounds for a purse of \$5,000.

A. J. Cassatt, the president of the Monmouth Park Racing Association, on Sept. 17 bought the unbeaten two-year-old Phoenix, by Imp. Mr. Pickwick—Bonnie Wood, from William Walker for \$5,000.

At Fresno, Cal., on Sept. 17, E. C. Pinkham, of Stockton, defeated Albert Sundstrom, of New York, in a 100-yards swimming contest at Palace Baths. The match was for \$250 and the gate receipts. Pinkham's time was 1 minute and 4 seconds.

Mr. T. H. Kook, the efficient secretary of the New York Jockey Club, is working hard to make the fall meeting of the New York Jockey Club a grand success, and, judging from his efforts, the fall meeting of this famous turf organization will eclipse the inauguration meeting.

If John L. Sullivan and Jake Kilrain desire to make a trip to Toronto, and combine pleasure with profit, they should correspond with John F. Scholes, the champion boxer of Canada. Scholes is eager to box with either of the above gladiators, and there is a barrel of money in such a meeting.

The defeat of A. F. Copland of the Manhattan Athletic Club, in the high hurdle race at the champion-hip games was a surprise to many who had given odds on him to win. The time of the race, 17 seconds, was most meritorious, and George Schwegen of the Staten Island Athletic Club deserves credit for the businesslike way in which he set on his mark, ran from the pistol shot, and won the race, just as though the one whom nearly every one had picked out to win was not even in sight.

A special to the "Police Gazette" from St. Louis says: Sheriff Crume and his deputy of Lincoln county are searching for parties who engaged in a prize fight about two years ago. The men that are wanted are Dan Daly and Eddy Kelly, principals, and Charley Woods, Artie Flint, Tom Kelly and Tom Allen, backers and seconds. In a few days the papers will be served on the men wanted, as the grand jury has indicted them.

The suit of William Muldoon, the wrestler, against Manager William J. Gilmore, of the Central Theatre, for damages for a breach of contract came to a sudden end on Sept. 15 by Judge Fell ordering a non-suit. A rule had been granted on Muldoon to give security for costs in the suit, and when the rule was argued, before the summer vacation, Muldoon was directed to enter the security asked by the first of September. When Lawyer James H. Shakespeare called the attention of the court to the fact that security had not yet been entered the court granted a non-suit.

At Tonawanda, N. Y., on Sept. 14, there was a rattling mill between Billy Welch and Elie Peckham. Peckham weighed 165 pounds and Welch 136. Welch seemed to be better off in the matter of science. About 70 sports were present. The battle was for \$75 a side and the gate receipts, \$25 going to the loser. Peckham drew first blood in the first round and got first knock down in the third. Honors were evenly divided to the forty-eighth round. Welch then showed signs of giving out. A blow in the neck in the forty-ninth put him to sleep and the battle was given to Peckham.

The many victories of the yacht *Minerva* has caused a doubt as to whether the Valkyrie could beat the Volunteer, as it was at first supposed. The Scotch cutter has proved itself a flyer. In all the races of the "forties" the one thing that stands out clearly is the success of the cutter *Minerva*. Blow high or blow low, smooth sea or rough sea, she has led the fleet on all occasions, and has administered to the crack boats of this and other seasons defeats which have brought sorrow to the hearts of owners and designers, and opened their eyes to many things in the way of build, rig and handling.

On Sept. 14 there was some scientific and hard-hitting boxing at the entertainment of the Philadelphia Athletic Club, at No. 922 Ridge avenue. Jimmy Mitchell and Jolly Roger Yeager made each other's ears buzz for three rounds. Jake Carter and Ben Bailey slugged each other for four rounds with big mittens, and these were also excellent set-toes between George Hagun and Tom Macanley, Jack Grace and John Mettee, Jimmy Hagun and Lew Erb, Martin Neary and Young Pottery, Fatty Langtry and Bob Caffey, Jack Hart and a new arrival from England, Corney Lee, furnished the wrestling end of the entertainment and gave a great display.

The Reading, Pa., sportsmen are completing arrangements for a mammoth trap tournament to be held on the grounds of the Reading Gun Club, Oct. 18, 16, 17, 18 and 19. Both live birds and inanimate targets will be used, the live birds under the supervision of the old-timer, Miles L. Johnson, and the targets under the guiding care of H. A. Penrose of the Keystone Target Company. On the fourth day a team race has been arranged between John L. Brewer, R. E. Irwin and J. Frank Kleins representing the East, against C. W. Budd, J. B. Siles and R. B. Organ of the West. All six contestants are noted crack shots and a close contest is expected. Each man will shoot at fifty live birds for a purse of \$150 a side.

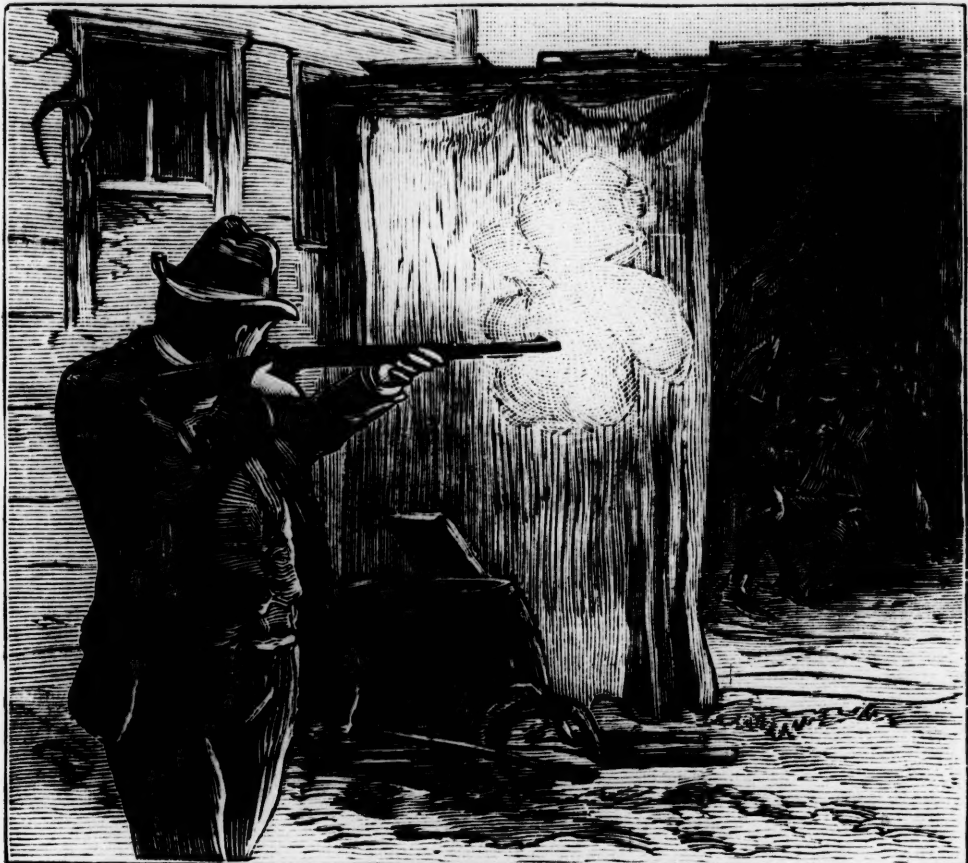
Daniel J. McSweeney, the well-known oarsman, died at Worcester, Mass., on Sept. 17. McSweeney, in 1875, was a member of the four-oared Brown crew which held the championship of Lake Quinsigamond. He afterward went to Providence and was captain of the Narragansett Navy. While there he won the Barnaby prize in three successive trials. Since 1881 he had lived in Worcester. He had rowed in both the Stomies and Guild crews, and had been active in the Arlington and Wachusett clubs. He was an expert single-scul oarsman, but of late his rowing had been confined to four-oared boats. Mr. McSweeney was a brother-in-law of Fred Haas, the young amateur sculler, and did much to develop his speed.

The great trotting race for a purse of \$5,000, at Boston, on Sept. 17, was won by Harry Wilkes. The following is the summary:

Grand special race for trotters, purse \$5,000; one mile heats; best three to harness.
John E. Turner, Philadelphia, a s b g Harry Wilkes, by Geo. Wilkes..... 1 1 1 1 1
Budd Doble, Chicago, a s b g Oliver K..... 1 2 1 2 2
J. E. Goldsmith, New York, a s b g Gene Smith, by Dauntless..... 2 2 2 2 2
Time—First heat, 37.1; 2nd heat, 36.1; 3rd heat, 36.1; 4th heat, 35.9; 5th heat, 35.9; 1:10, 2:19.

The New York "Sun," September 18, publishes the following: "Mr. Richard K. Fox, the proprietor of the POLICE GAZETTE has decided to offer a number of valuable prizes to be competed for by the Long Island and Harlem Amateur Rowing Associations on the Long Island course, Flushing Bay, on Saturday, October 12. Yesterday morning Managing Editor Walter C. Quevedo of the POLICE GAZETTE had a consultation with Judge James G. Tigue at the Butler Street Court and the preliminaries were agreed upon. The race is to be for eight-oared barges over a mile and a half straightaway course, no barge to be capable of carrying less than eight passengers in addition to the crew, and the coxswain to weigh not less than 125 pounds. The prizes are to be an elegant silk banner, appropriately inscribed, and handsome gold medals for individual members of the winning crew. The banner to be held for three seasons by the first winners against all comers of the original competing crews, but the medals to become the property of the crew winning each race, new medals to be presented at each meet. The Regatta Committee consists of the Hon. James G. Tigue, R. H. Pelton and T. Van Raden of the clubs mentioned."

FIVE VALUABLE BOOKS—"Cockers' Guide," "Dog Pit," "Police Gazette Card Player," "Bartenders' Guide," and "Boxing, and How to Train"—all copiously illustrated. Price, 25 cents each. RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher, Franklin Square, New York City.



SHOT HIS NEIGHBOR'S BOY.

JAMES H. MOWRER, A CITIZEN OF HUGHESVILLE, PENNSYLVANIA, ACCIDENTALLY KILLS LITTLE HARRY KING.



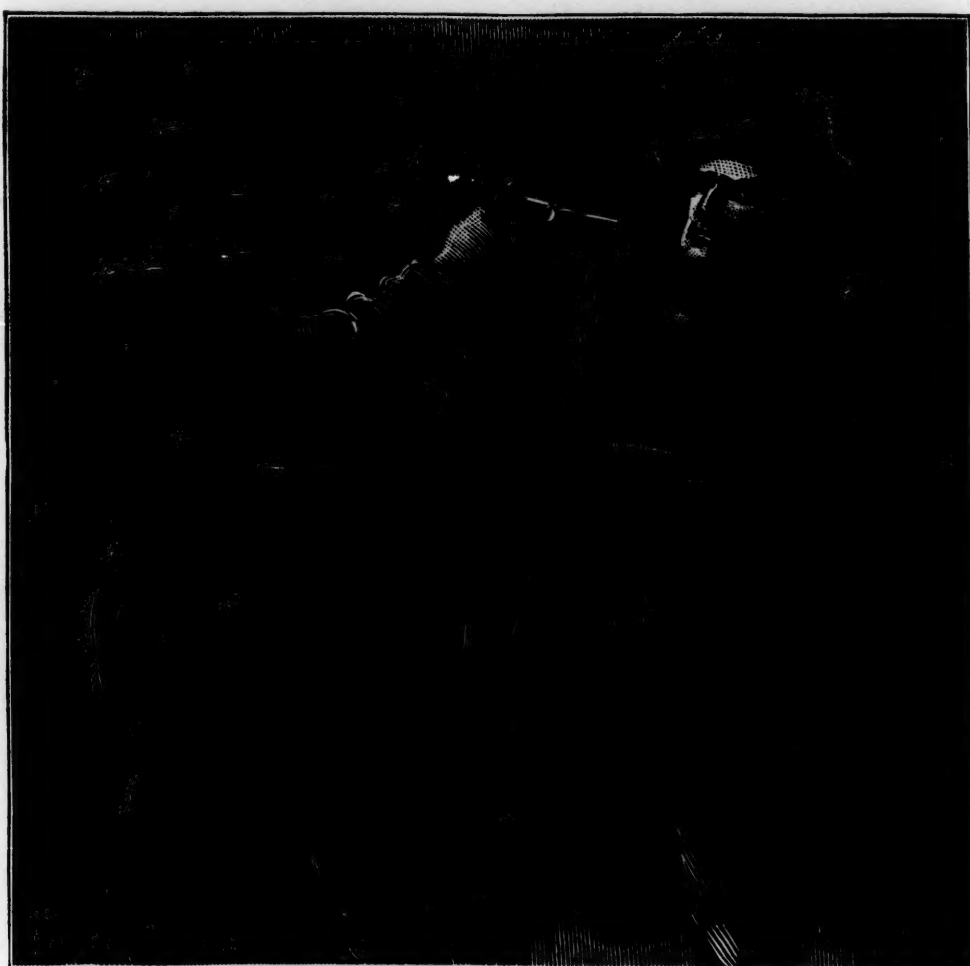
PLACED A TIE ON THE TRACK.

SOME FIENDS PLACE A CROSS-TIE ON THE TRACKS OF THE CENTRAL RAILROAD NEAR ATLANTA, GA., CAUSING A WRECK.



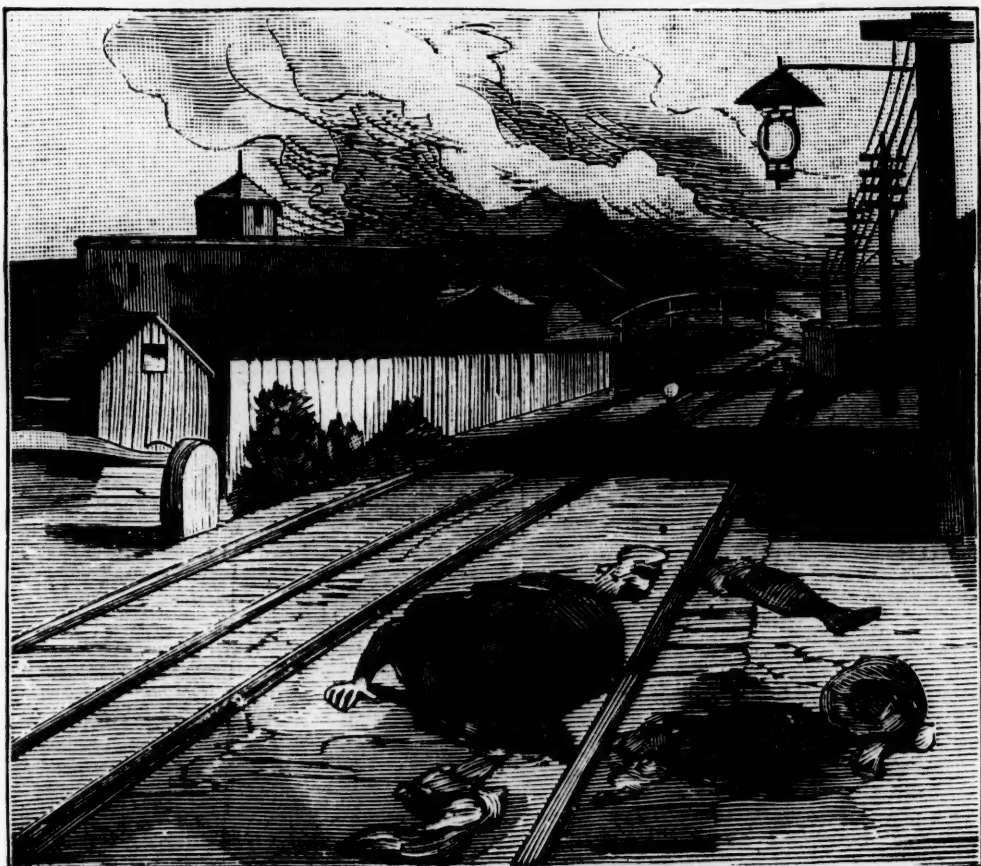
DELLA WALKER'S SUICIDE.

THE UNTIMELY END OF A BEAUTIFUL AND ACCOMPLISHED YOUNG LANGDON, N. H., GIRL WHO ATTENDED THE BOSTON ART MUSEUM.



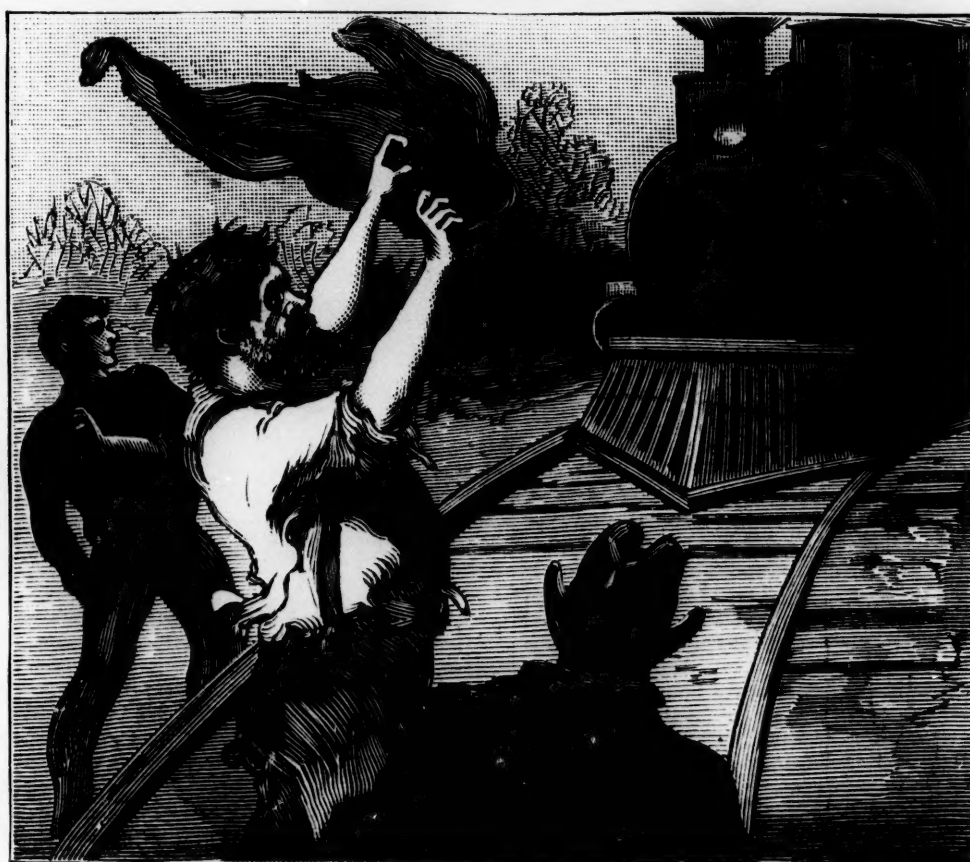
UNLUCKY FOOTPADS.

THEY HOLD UP "OLD HU CH" OF CHICAGO, AND THE OLD MAN IS GOT THE BEST OF FOR ONCE IN HIS LIFE.



CUT TO PIECES ON THE RAIL.

THE SAD FATE OF PRETTY MARY HARRISON, OF FALL RIVER, CONNECTICUT, WHILE VISITING IN PROVIDENCE.



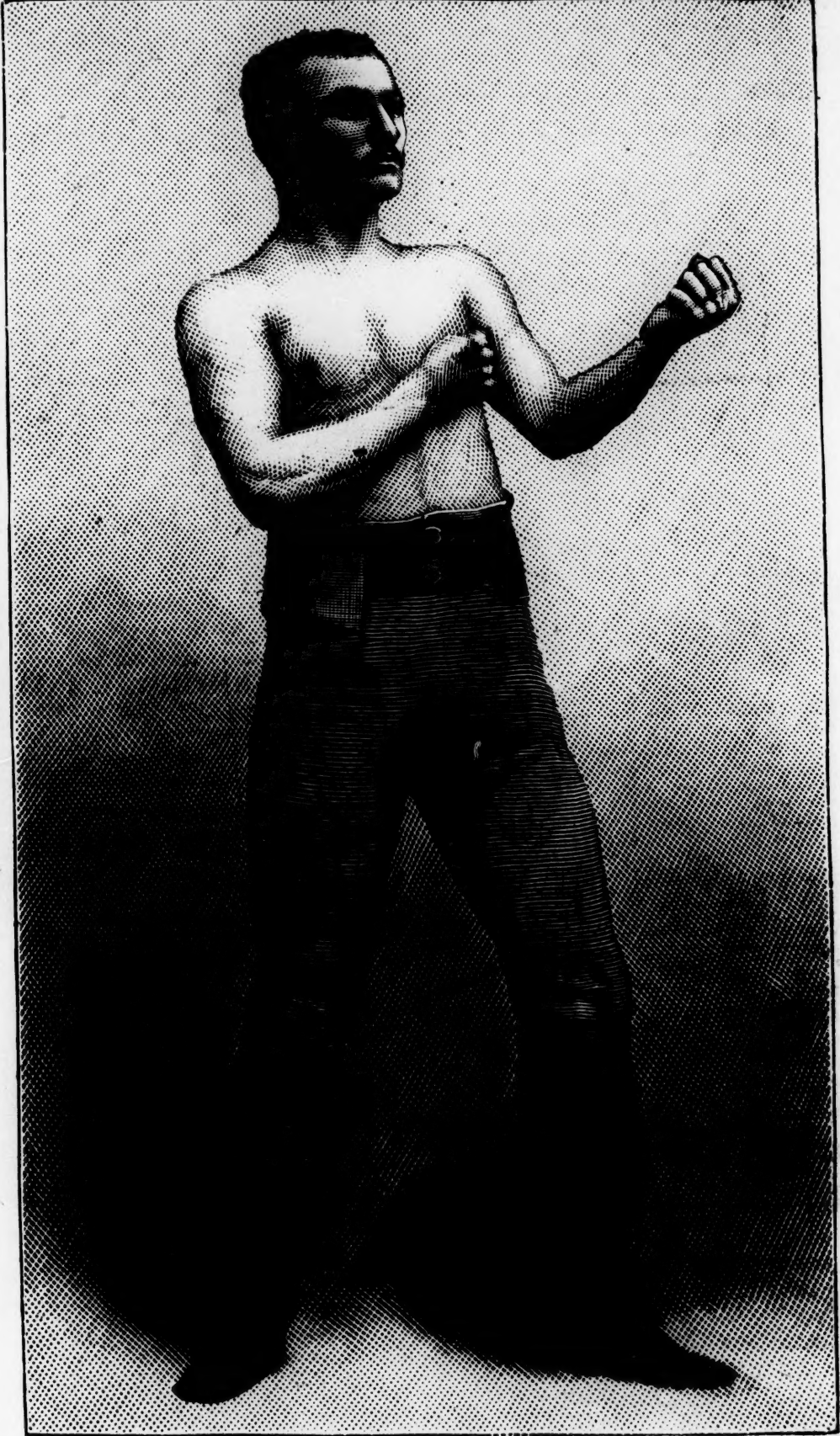
HE OUGHT TO HAVE A WHOLE PIE.

A TRAMP FINDS A BROKEN RAIL ON THE CHICAGO AND NORTHWESTERN RAILROAD, AND NOTIFIES THE SECTION HANDS.



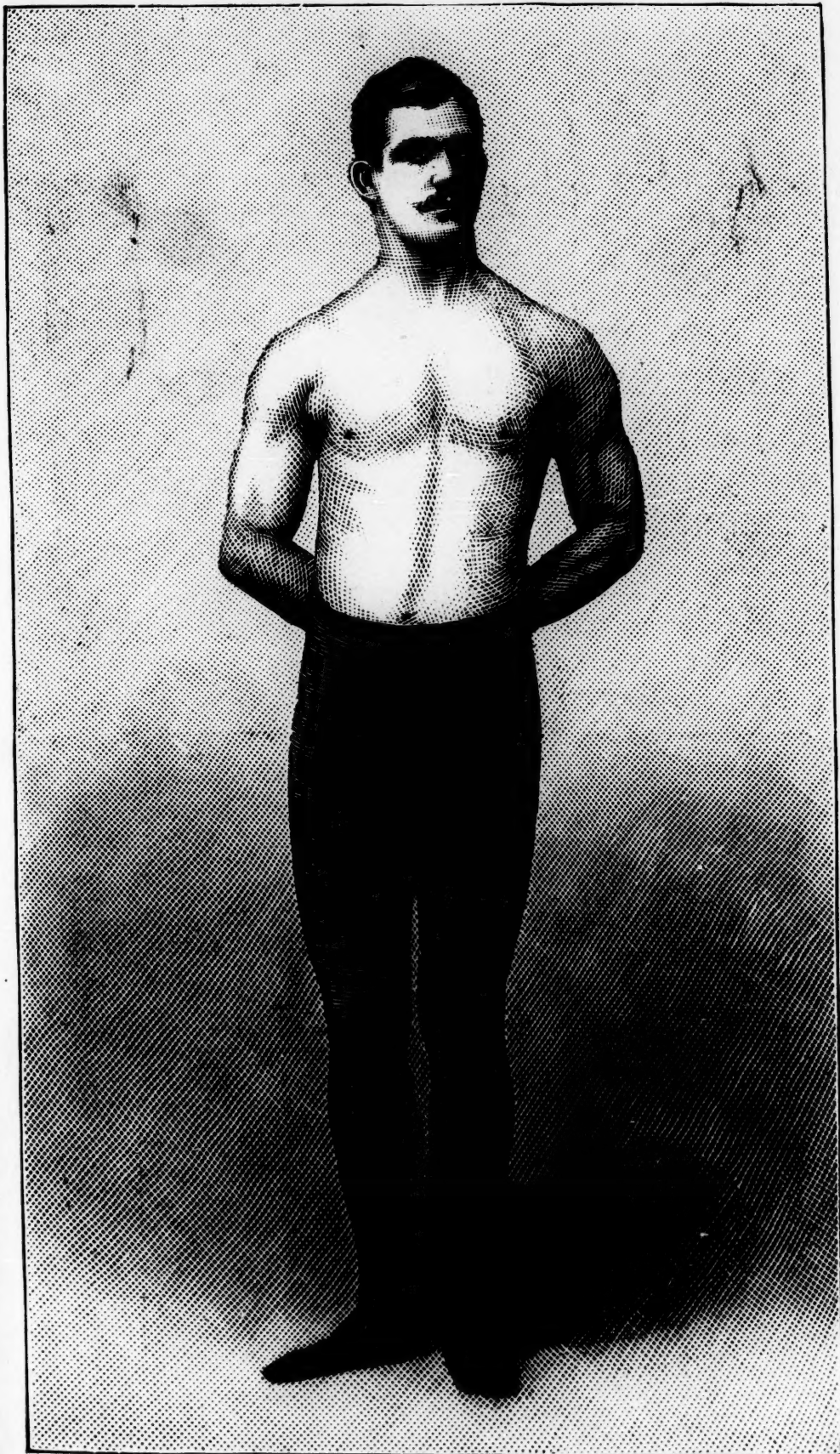
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THE BALTIMORE SLASHER.

BILLY YOUNG, WELL AND FAVORABLY KNOWN IN THE MONUMENTAL CITY AS BEING EXTREMELY HANDY WITH HIS FISTS.



A WELL-KNOWN WRESTLER.

JESS CLARK, A PROMINENT SPORTING MAN AND ATHLETE OF PITTSBURG, PA., WHO CAN HANDLE HIMSELF NIMBLY.



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who Catches all the Hot Balls.



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Many men, from the effects of youthful imprudence,
have brought about a state of weakness that has re-
duced the general system so much as to induce almost
every other disease, and the real cause of the trouble
scarcely ever being suspected, they are doctored for
everything but the right one. Notwithstanding the
many valuable remedies that medical science has pro-
duced for the relief of this class of patients, none of
the ordinary modes of treatment effect a cure. During
our extensive college and hospital practice we have
experimented with and discovered new and concen-
trated remedies. The accompanying prescription is
offered as a certain and speedy cure, as hundreds
of cases in our practice have been restored to perfect
health by its use after all other remedies failed. Per-
fectly pure ingredients must be used in the preparation
of this prescription.

R—Erythroxylon coca, 4 drachm.
Jernbebin, 4 drachm.
Helonias Dioca, 4 drachm.
Gelsemium, 8 grains.
Ext. ignatie amara (alcoholic), 2 grains.
Ext. leopandra, 2 scruples.
Glycerin, q. s.

Mix.
Take one pill at 3 p. m., and another on
going to bed. In some cases it will be necessary for
the patient to take two pills at bedtime, making the
number three a day. This remedy is adapted to every
condition of nervous debility and weakness in either
sex, and especially in those cases resulting from im-
prudence. The recuperative powers of this restora-
tive are truly astonishing, and its use continued for a
short time changes the languid, debilitated, nerveless
condition to one of renewed life and vigor.

As we are constantly in receipt of letters of inquiry
relative to this remedy, we would say to those who
would prefer to obtain it from us, by remitting \$1, a
securely sealed package containing 60 pills, carefully
compounded, will be sent by return mail from our
private laboratory, or we will furnish 6 packages,
which will cure most cases, for \$5.

Address or call on
NEW ENGLAND MEDICAL INSTITUTE,
24 Tremont Row, Boston, Mass.
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EARLY DECAY.

YOUTHFUL INDISCRETION (self-abuse or excess) re-
sults in complaints such as LOSS OF MEMORY, SPIRITS
BEFORE THE EYES, DEPRESSIVE SMELL, HEAVING AND
TASTE, NERVOUSNESS, WEAK BACK, CONSTIPATION,
NIGHT EMISSIONS, LOSS OF SEXUAL POWER, ETC., ETC.

ALL MEN, YOUNG AND OLD, suffering from
these afflictions, lead a life of misery.
A LINGERING DEATH, the reward of their ig-
norance and folly, causes many to contemplate and
even commit suicide, and large numbers end their
days amidst the horrors of INSANE ASYLUMS.

FAILURE IN BUSINESS AND THE RUINATION OF HOMES are
the result of the results of EARLY DECAY.

WILL YOU BE ONE MORE numbered
with these thousands of unfortunate? Or will you
accept
and be your own physician? Medicine alone never did
and never will cure the disease resulting from self-
abuse. If you will have a Remedy that is Perfectness,
as well as Cheap, and so Simple you can doctor your-
self, send your address, with stamp for reply, and I will
mail you a description of an INSTRUMENT WOMAN AT
NIGHT, and THIS NEVER FAILING REMEDY.

DR. JAS. WILSON, Box 155, CLEVELAND, OHIO.
MENTION THIS PAPER.

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EXHAUSTED or Power PREMATURELY WASTED
may find a perfect and reliable cure in the
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